Modern Novel Writing,

OR THE

ELEGANT ENTHUSIAST;

AND

Intereſting Emotions

OF

Arabella Bloomville.

A RHAPSODICAL ROMANCE;

INTERSPERSED WITH

Poetry.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Vol. 2.

BY THE RIGHT HON.

LADY HARRIET MARLOW.

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.

Pope.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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ERRATUM.

Vol. 2.

PAGE 64 LINE 17 for *moister*, read *moisture*

The

The
ELEGANT ENTHUSIAST.

Chapter 1.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

AFTER a journey of much fatigue and unpleaſant rumination, Lucinda Howard, accompanied by the melodious Arabella, arrived at the Counteſs's elegant abode. They were ſhewn into the drawing room, the walls of which her Ladyſhip had ſpent two years and a half in ornamenting with her own dear hands.

It was entirely painted over with birds, beaſts, fiſhes, urns, flower-pots, and arabeſque figures in a moſt aſtoniſhing manner, ſo that the praiſes for her ingenuity, and for the laudable occupation of her time, was a conſtant ſource of vanity to her Ladyſhip, and a ready ſubject of converſation to all her viſitors. But alas; the Counteſs, ſince the expediting her letter, had endured a ſtate of dreadful ſuſpence, although Mrs. de Malthe in friendſhip had endeavoured to ſoothe her Ladyſhip's diſtreſs, by her conſtant preſence, and the moſt unbounded admiration of the pictures and pier glaſſes, and particularly the curtains. She was entering into an elaborate treatiſe on taſte, when the noiſe

noiſe of horſes at the gate reached her ears. 'It is my Lucinda,' ſaid Mrs. de Malthe, riſing from her chair, 'it is my dear Lucinda, ſhe brings us life or death.' She ſaid no more, but winking at Captain Harland, and with a comical ſnap of her fingers, ruſhed forwards, and with an oval movement, claſped the almoſt expiring Lucinda to her boſom. The tranſport of the ſcene repelled utterance; ſobs, tears, and chocolate drops, were all that could be given. Let thoſe who have experienced ſuch ſuperabundant bliſs, declare, how inconceivably gratifying are the encomiums of virtue, when ſoftened by the breezes of content.

The general joy, however, was ſuddenly diſſipated by the Counteſs, who fell ſenſeleſs to the floor; delight yielded to ſurpriſe, and to the buſineſs of aſſiſtance. On recovering, the Counteſs looked wildly round her, and Doctor Philbert took a cup of coffee. This giving the whole company breathing time, Lord Damplin objected to the manœuvre, and her Ladyſhip exclaimed, 'Was it a viſion that I ſaw, or a reality?' Every body put on their ſpectacles, but could not diſcover any thing extraordinary. 'It was Mr. Bloomville himſelf, my firſt huſband, his very hair, his features, under a female form; that benign countenance which I have ſo often contemplated in

in imagination.' Her fine eyes ſtill ſeemed in ſearch of ſome ideal object, and they began to doubt whether a ſudden frenzy had not ſeized her brain. 'Ah! again!' ſaid ſhe, and inſtantly relapſed, with an engaging motion of her head. Their eyes were now turned towards Arabella, who was bringing a glaſs of water for the Counteſs's parrot, and on *her* the attention of all preſent was now centered. She approached, ignorant of what had happened, and her ſurpriſe was great, when the Counteſs, reviving, fixed her eyes mournfully upon her, and aſked her to take off her glove. 'It is,—it is my Arabella!' ſaid ſhe, with a ſtrong emotion; 'I have, indeed, found

my long loſt child; that ſtrawberry on her arm confirms the deciſion.' The whole company crowded round them, and Jack Deepley crammed his hankerchief in his mouth. Arabella fell at the feet of her new Mamma, and bathed her hand with tears. 'Gracious me! for what have I been reſerved!' She could ſay no more. The Counteſs raiſed, and preſſed her to her heart. It was upwards of ſeven minutes and a half, before either of them could ſpeak, and all preſent were too much affected to interrupt the ſilence. At length the Counteſs gazing tenderly upon Arabella ſaid 'My beloved girl, within theſe laſt fifteen months, I have taught myſelf German.

man. 'Aye,' cried Doctor Philbert, 'the man who can be insensible to the charms of virtue, must be a bad moral character, and viciously inclined.' Arabella wept silently upon the neck of her mamma, while Jack Deepley exclaimed, 'Well, Poll, what have you got to say to all this?' The bird looked up archly and replied 'What's o'clock.' This gave a turn to the conversation, and fortunate indeed it was for poor Mrs. de Malthe, whose emotions almost overcame her, and were too powerful for utterance.

The company now adjourned to the cedar parlour, and Arabella withdrew to take that repose she so much

required. She was ſufficiently recovered in a few hours to join her friends in the green-houſe.

After they had eat up the ice cream, and waſhed their faces in vinegar, the tranſports of the ſcene became a little more calm. 'I have much to hope, and much to fear', ſaid Lord Damplin, taking off his coat, and jerking his hat out of the window, 'You, Madam', addreſſing the Counteſs, 'you will willingly undertake to be my advocate with her whom I have ſo long and ſo ardently adored.' What, are we going to have a funeral,' cried Jack Deepley, 'that your Lordſhip wants the Counteſs to be an undertaker?'

This

This remark occaſioned a roar of laughter, but his Lordſhip looking very ſerious thus continued, 'May I hope,' taking tenderly the hand of Arabella, who ſtood trembling by, 'May I hope, that you have not been inſenſible to my long attachment, and that you will confirm the happineſs which is now offered me?' A ſmile of ineffable ſweetneſs broke through the melancholy which had long clouded her angelic features, and which even the preſent diſcovery had not been able entirely to diſſipate; then lightly ſcratching her back with the end of her fan, and heaving a profound ſigh, ſhe thus replied, 'No, my Lord, I never can be yours, my affections are engaged to

another gentleman, and I will never beſtow my hand, where I cannot give my heart.' This anſwer, ſo ſentimental and ſo new, charmed the attentive audience; his Lordſhip was not equal to the ſhock, but burſting into a flood of tears, declared, that had he ſuſpected matters would have turned out ſo, he would certainly have gone to the boxing match, which was to be on that day at Rumford, between Johnſon and the Jew.

The diſcourſe for the remainder of the day, was occupied by the ſubject of the diſcovery, and by a recital of Arabella's adventures, during which Jack Deepley would frequently entertain the company with ſome facetious

tious remarks on the creſt-fallen lover. He called him a ſuſpirating ſenator, a perplexed peer, a lordly lollypop, a neglected nobleman, and a love-ſick legiſlator in hereditary hopeleſſneſs. Theſe lively ſallies reſtored the good humour of the company, and induced the amiable Lucinda to favor them with the following

Song.

What is this ſentimental love—
This ſpell of the romantic mind,
Whoſe ſlimſy texture fancy wove
Too weak th' impaſſion'd heart to bind!

Does it from nature ſpring? Ah! no;
Nature the airy form denies—
Is it by reaſon bred? If ſo,
Why always hid from reaſon's eyes?

Is it a quick inſpiring flame
That animates with love the *heart?*
No—its cold dictates ſtrangely aim
A mental fervour to impart.

Dull apathy, or frozen age,
The phantom conjur'd firſt to view;
The policy or envious rage
Of thoſe who ne'er true rapture knew.

Away! no more my thoughts detain,
Illuſive, viſionary ſprite!
May love's warm ſtream thro' ev'ry vein
Roll gay deſire and fond delight.

And may the youth whoſe ſparkling eyes
For love and mutual bliſs were ſent,
Ne'er damp my ardours as they riſe,
With the chill clouds of ſentiment.

Every body teſtified the higheſt approbation of Lucinda's voice, and exquiſite mode of ſinging—but Mrs. de Malthe objected to the words, as having too much meaning in them to pleaſe perſons of faſhion, and the Counteſs herſelf glancing her eyes upwards exclaimed—'Well! Miſs Howard! indeed I wonder at you.' This obſervation ſet the diffident Lucinda a crying ready to break her heart, which Major Pemberton obſerving, he ſlyly looked at Jack Deepley and ſaid 'you ſee, my dear boy! we are up to you.' The gloom of the moment was conſequently diſperſed, as the heavy vapours of morning fly before the beams of the ſun.

On account of this happy discovery the Countess ordered her house to be thrown open; mirth and festivity resounded through the walls; and the evening closed by a plentiful supper given to all her Ladyship's tradespeople, who, to promote gaiety, were arranged at a long table in the servant's hall, in alphabetical order as follows: an attorney, a baker, a cheesemonger, a dustman, an engraver, a fishwoman, a grocer, a haberdasher, an informer, a joiner, a kitchen-maid, a lapidary, a mercer, a nightman, an optician, a poulterer, a quack, a reviewer, a silversmith, a taylor, a vintner, an undertaker, a writing-master, an xciseman, a yeoman, and a Zealander, who had

emigrated

emigrated with the Stadtholder from Holland, and was a maker of Dutch tiles. Thus ended the moſt brilliant and bliſsful day the Counteſs had experienced for many months; a day which will long be remembered by all the gueſts, for Arabella's reſtoration to happineſs, and for the hoſpitality, and dignified affability of her lady-ſhip's own woman.

Chapter

Chapter 2.

A LORD IN TRIBULATION.

THE next morning the whole party ſet off to pay a viſit to Arabella's humble cottage, where the watchful Margaret Grimes regaled them with apple dumplings and a ſyllabub, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of little Maſter Burton, and Sophy Warley.

While they were here engaged in an inſtructive converſation, two ruſtics of the neighbourhood, knocked at the door for admittance; they ſupported between them, on a hurdle, a gentleman

gentleman in great apparent agony. They ſtated they had found him in a wood, writhing under a tree; that he had implored their charitable aid, and they thought the greateſt kindneſs they could render him, would be to bring him to that place. Arabella's humanity would not permit her to refuſe any aſſiſtance ſhe could render to a perſon under ſuch circumſtances. She was making the neceſſary arrangements for that purpoſe, when Amelia entered, and, with a loud ſhriek, announced her recognition of Lord Mahogany.

He had returned into the country the very day Lucinda had arrived at the Counteſs's, and had received the letter

letter Amelia left for him; but the ſervant informing him from whom it came, he had thruſt it careleſsly into his pocket unopened, ſaying, he was engaged in matters of greater import, and could not attend to her meſſages.

La Conteſſa Negri had enquired for her foot-boy in the morning, and hearing he had abſconded, readily conjectured the reaſon, though being totally unacquainted with Amelia, ſhe could not ſuppoſe her to have any hand in the buſineſs, as Arabella very properly remarked, when the circumſtance was mentioned. Well, this Italian Signora, who was deeply enamoured of Lord Mahogany, fancying

that

that her former project might be diſcovered, determined, if his Lordſhip put himſelf again in her power, to truſt to no other hand, but perpetrate her intention herſelf, and curſed her timidity, which had ſo far diſabled her reſolution and better judgment, as to make her truſt ſuch a matter to a ſilly boy. If Lord Mahogany, on his firſt viſit, diſcovered any fear or ſuſpicion of her, ſhe reſolved to anticipate the event of a ſecond, by going immediately abroad; for which purpoſe, ſhe packed up her jewels and money, and made all neceſſary arrangements; and if he fell into the ſnare, ſhe thought a very ſhort time, and a few ſeaſonable donations, would prevent all enquiry.

Little did the Signora imagine, while ſhe walked in the garden, that the very fate ſhe prepared for him, was, by a counterplot, of which ſhe could have no poſſible notion, impending over her own head.

In a mind, hardened by ſucceſsful practice, in a courſe of iniquity, no ſcruple intruded itſelf to prevent the adoption of the moſt nefarious ones; Lord Mahogany, therefore, reſolved to poiſon La Conteſſa; and to prevent all ſuſpicion of a muſical tendency, gave the anſwer he did to the ſervant, and introduced himſelf into her houſe by a private way, known and open to himſelf alone.

The maids and the ſhoe-boy were playing at blindman's buff, as he paſſed the Brewhouſe, yet he entered careleſsly into the apartment of La Conteſſa, eating ſome conſerves, of which he held a box in his left hand. After the ordinary ſalutations, and kiſſing the back of her neck, he aſked her to partake of his ſweet-meats, which ſhe did chearfully, foreſeeing it would be a reaſon for her offering him ſome wine, in which ſhe had infuſed the fatal venom.

La Conteſſa, overjoyed at the proſpect of ſucceſs, ate the conſerves with avidity, and thoſe which he took care to give her were poiſoned, then immediately complaining of thirſt, filled

filled two large glaſſes with wine, and preſented one to his Lordſhip which he drank off without heſitation. Thus perfectly ſatisfied with the event, he went away, but firſt he borrowed an umbrella of the coachman, becauſe he had promiſed to meet General Barton at the bowling green that they might crack a bottle together, and talk over old ſtories.

Both La Conteſſa and Lord Mahogany, from an exceſſive ſolicitude to avoid ſuſpicion, had given a poiſon which would not operate for ſome days. His lordſhip therefore reſolved to employ the interval in travelling, and ſet out immediately, without its being known that he had viſited La Conteſſa.

On the fourth day, as he was riding alone, having ſent his ſervants forward by the waggon, and his books in the ſtage coach; he happened to put his hand into his pocket, and drew out the letter, which Amelia had ſent him, and for want of ſomething elſe to do, opened and read it.

Language is inadequate, nor would the beſt wrought ſimilies afford ſufficient aſſiſtance, to deſcribe the ſurprize, horror, and regret, which ſeized him on the peruſal of this paper, in which his projected murder was ſo far deſcribed, that his Lordſhip could not help feeling he had fallen a victim to the treachery of another, at the very moment he was rejoicing

in

in the ſucceſs of his own. He ſpurred his horſe forward that he might get to ſome place to procure relief, but the violence of this exerciſe accelerated the effects of the venom. He felt parched with fever; a cruel pain ſeized his bowels; his eyes ſeemed burning in their ſockets; and his ſtrength began to fail him, ſo that he was obliged to diſmount, and lean againſt a ſtile, he then took out his pencil and ſome aſſes ſkin, and in a ſhort time compoſed the following illegitimate ſonnet without rhime:

To the Lark.

Hail lofty Pindar* of the feather'd choir!
Whether at heaven's bleſt gate, on mattin wing,
Soaring thou warbleſt, when young Maï† firſt
Pours forth the gay luxuriance of her dies,
And hill and valley ſmile with ſudden bloom.

Whether blithe ſoaring o'er the warring field,
Where bounteous Ceres‡ pours forth all her ſtore,
Veiling glad nature's form in living gold§,
Thy pipe, unfailing, roves thro' ev'ry change,
Lofty or *ſofty*, melody divine!

* Pindar was called the Theban Eagle, and therefore very like a Lark.

† Some affected poetaſters of the preſent day have called her Maia, but ſurely Maï is much more agreeable to the ear.

‡ Ceres, the goddeſs of corn.

§ The moſt malignant critic will hardly deny this line to have ſublimity.

Or

Or whether, 'ſcaping from the fatal tube,
What time the plunder'd ſtubble duſky mourns‖;
Still attic ſongſter¶! to the liſt'ning ſoul
Thy ſtrains ſhall warble gratitude and love.

This ſonnet, which his Lordſhip wrote without rhime or reaſon, may, perhaps, be beſt excuſed by the lamentable ſituation in which he found himſelf. He had ſcarcely finiſhed it, when he fell at the foot of a tree, where the clowns diſcovered him, and brought him to the retreat of Arabella.

‖ Though this verſe may be totally unintelligible to the vulgar, it may, perhaps, not be deemed the leſs beautiful by perſons of taſte.

¶ The Nightingale and the Owl have been hitherto called the attic birds, but ſurely the term is more appropriate to the Lark, which ſings up aloft, i. e. in the attic ſtory of the ſkies.

Chapter 3.

A DIGRESSION ON PATRIOTISM, AND A STAG HUNT.

'I WISH,' ſaid Lord Charles Oakley, as he came out of Covent Garden Theatre, I wiſh I knew for certain whether or no Lucinda Howard is with my mother at Fairy Lodge. 'Why ſo' replied Colonel Birch, 'are you one of her admirers?' 'Faith Frank' returned Lord Charles, 'I can but little bear joking upon that head: though I am a profligate dog, to all appearance, yet the remnants of virtue ſtill actuate a heart, too deeply intereſted in the peace and

welfare of mankind to conform to all the current prejudices of the world.' 'Why, how now! my lord! ſurely you are not a democrat? what ſay you, ſhall we go to orator Gabble's political lectures, he *preaches* to night, *pro bono publico*, come along Citizen Oakley.' You *may* laugh, yet the title of Citizen is as reſpectable to my ears, as Lord, or any other that folly may have invented, but talk not to me of the orator and his lectures, I am only attached to principles; I hate an egotiſt in every ſituation, whatever may be his profeſſions; nay, believe me, when I ſee a man putting himſelf forward as the *greateſt* ſufferer in the cauſe of liberty, as its *beſt* friend, as its *firmeſt* ſupport, when he harrangues

rangues a gaping multitude with an air of the *utmoſt importance*, tells them all the wrongs they endure, and exaggerates if poſſible all the oppreſſions they labour under, and at the ſame time entreats them to be orderly, patient, and ſubmiſſive—when I hear and ſee this, Frank, I ſay the man cannot be ſincere. 'Why in truth,' returned the Colonel, 'if a friend was to come and tell me that Mr. Smith had called me a coward and a ſcoundrel, and afterwards requeſt me to behave kindly and civilly to the ſaid Mr. Smith, I ſhould think my friend to be either a fool or a madman, or an impoſtor.' 'Beſides Frank,' continued Lord Charles, 'a true patriot can have neither

vanity, nor oſtentation, nor ambition, his only motive to exert himſelf is philanthropy, his only object, to meliorate the wretched condition of the majority of the human race. If he diſcover weakneſs or abſurdity in any fellow-labourers in the vineyard he will endeavour to gloſs over their errors, and not hold them up to contempt, he will feel indignation only againſt unbluſhing tyranny, and ſelfiſh aſſumption: but is this the caſe with Gabble? No—if his deareſt friend were to gain more applauſe than he did for public ſpeaking, that inſtant he would look upon him as a rival and treat him as an enemy.—Does a writer in ſupport of freedom and truth either in proſe or verſe obtain any

degree

degree of popular conſideration? the rancour, the jealouſy of Gabble immediately burſt out againſt him, he will attack him with a malignant, though feeble ridicule, with a virulent though inefficacious criticiſm, and hate him more ſincerely than he does either Pitt, Dundas, Windham, Mansfield, or even all of them together. Like Pantagruel he thinks to cover a whole nation with his tongue—In ſhort, this vain orator reminds me in a ſlight degree, *parvis componere magna*, of Robeſpierre, who ſtrenuouſly employed the energies of France, oppoſed its external enemies, and wiſhed to overthrow all the tyrants of Europe, that he might remain the ſole hero of the piece, and

be ſtiled MAXIMILIAN THE FIRST, GREAT PATRIOT OF THE WORLD. 'Why you grow warm Charles,' ſaid the Colonel, laughing, 'what ſay you to a couple of fine girls and a dozen of Champagne?' Here an Iriſh chairman interrupted their diſcourſe, by informing them, that they had better be upon their guard and not talk ſedition, for that there was a *blind* man walking under the Piazza, whom he ſuſpected to be a *ſpy*.

In conſequence of this intelligence, the orange-woman dropped the Courier, and firſt aſking the Hackney coachman's leave, finiſhed the tankard of porter at one draught—which ſo provoked a paſtry-cook, who wanted

to

to ſell Lord Charles a couple of razors, that he took no notice of the Colonel, which was the more extraordinary, as the market was beginning to fill, and one of the watchmen had fallen down in an apoplexy.

They both mounted their horſes with great eagerneſs, and though the ſtag took to the North, and led them a chace of five hours, and though his moſt ſacred majeſty was not preſent, which took much from the pleaſure and intereſt of the day, yet they got ſet down to dinner, at Parſon Hornby's before dark. The dove-houſe having been deſtroyed in their abſence, there could be no fiſhing that evening; ſo Lord Charles

drank a large bumper of brandy to the health of his favourite Lucinda Howard, and was pledged by the Colonel, in a pint of old port.

As their hopes and wiſhes were now deferred till the morrow, they juſt treated the Parſon with a few jovial ſongs, and were carried up to bed by the houſe-maid, at half paſt two in the morning.

Chapter 4.

PHRENZY, DESPAIR, AND DEATH.

LORD Mahogany, when he was brought to the abode of Arabella, was in a ſtate of inſenſibility. The violence of his agitations had exhauſted him; but as ſoon as General Barton was informed of his ſituation, he prepared a decoction of ſimples, which he ſaid, would, if the poiſon was not very ſtrong, or had not been long taken, operate as an antidote, but would, at all events, reſtore his reaſon and quiet. This was adminiſtered, and ſoon produced a return of ſenſe in his Lordſhip: he opened his

his eyes, and ſtaring wildly at the General, exclaimed with a ſhriek of agony—

'I am not dead. Why art thou come to torment me before my time? I know thee well; thou art an elephant.—Hah! how he handles the cards—help, help—my poor pig is in convulſions—how the tree laughs—the duck whiſpering that biſhop is La Conteſſa Negri—ſee, ſee! they make bulruſhes of her hair—Torment me not—I did not kill her!'

General Barton was ſo aſtoniſhed, that for ſome moments he could not ſpeak; but, at length, he told Lord Mahogany,

Mahogany, he was miſtaken, and that *he* was endeavouring to do him all the ſervices that lay in his power.

'Forgive me, holy man! forgive me,' ſaid his Lordſhip. 'I am a wretch! I have thrown away a jewel! I'll give a hundred guineas for a ſilver muffin! what a ſtorm it blows! and the mule ſpeaks Greek! can you dig up the world? had I met her in the grave, for ſhe has ſweet lips, perhaps—I might have given my vote for peace! but O! 'twas war, war, war! how they bleed! thouſands, ten thouſands dead! ſuch a waſte of murder! bring the wheel barrow! for I will fly to Naples.' Here a tear or two rolled down

down his glowing cheek, and ſeemed to relieve him. He recollected himſelf, and in a compoſed tone of voice, ſaid, 'I know not where I am; my ideas wander! is this my head? look! the warming pan is on fire! Is there any body will go for me to Wapping, and bring me a baſon full of ſtockings?

General Barton anſwered, 'there is.'

'Will he be faithful?' aſked Lord Mahogany.

'I will be reſponſible for him with my life, he is a brother fox-hunter,' ſaid the General. 'Give him theſe keys,'

keys,' ſaid his Lordſhip. And then deſcribing, very minutely, every place, directed him to a particular part of the garden, where he would find a well, which he requeſted might be brought him without delay, as his life depended on it.

Amelia now entered the room. Her preſence calmed and relieved him more than any other thing could have done. He called her to his bedſide, and entreated her to ſit, and ſtay with him while the General left the chamber.

'My dear woman,' ſaid he, 'had you but lighted the fire in time, we might have gone to Banbury in a nut-ſhell

nut-ſhell—but O! this curſed war—I voted for it—how it burns my brain. Bring me a feather, for I would fain ſpeak a word to the pigeon houſe.'

His delirium now returned, and Amelia was obliged to call in the General, who reſtored him to a ſtate of quiet, by a further doſe of the decoction; but this was not eaſily effected, and he entertained no hopes of his recovery.

Lord Mahogany, when he came to himſelf again, deſired every one to leave the room except Amelia, he declared he could not bear to look at the features of any other perſon,

as

as they all inſpired him with gloomy recollections. He implored her to watch with him that night, and urged this point ſo earneſtly, that ſhe was obliged to ſubmit, though not by any means fond of the employment.

The bed the miſerable Peer occupied, was that where Margaret Grimes had lain the night before. General Barton and Major Pemberton ſat up till a late hour, playing at backgammon; while Arabella reſolved to render her patient every aſſiſtance in her power.

Lord Mahogany ſlept for ſome hours, but the little ſtrength he gained by this refreſhment height-

ened

ened his fever, and when he awoke he raved with more violence than before. Amelia was obliged to call for aſſiſtance, as he threatened the moſt dreadful vengeance on himſelf. Theſe fits of delirium ſupplied him with ſuch amazing force, that the united efforts of the General and Major Pemberton could hardly keep him in bed.

'Ah!' he would exclaim, 'look how fiercely the faggots blaze—O! conſcience, conſcience! —the troops march—alas!—the war is mine—and the ſight of that collyflower breaks my heart-ſtrings. Do you imagine I am blind? He ſtands by the curtains of my bed, and aſks me to buy a ferret.

a ferret. Ah! that's a ſerious queſtion. Look at the blooming bride; ſhe is watching the flames, with her noſe in a gallipot—now ſhe is going off—ſee, in what agony ſhe dies; but ſhe did not go to war—ſhe was a graſhopper.'

Lord Mahogany now appeared more eaſy, and took ſome refreſhment from the hands of the gentle Arabella. But this tranſient calm was only the forerunner of a more violent ſtorm. His phrenzy returned, and before proper help could be procured, he had jumped out of bed, and bruiſed himſelf dreadfully againſt the walls of the room—'To drive away,' as he ſaid, a ſala-

'a ſalamander that was playing on the harpſichord; look,' cried he, 'look at that pelican, how it ſmiles upon the imps of darkneſs—they chain the ſun to a coal-tub—what a world it is, who can tell but it may be given to me, for my library is full of jackals, and virtue is a mere carpet—murder, war, murder cannot go unpuniſhed.'

In this manner he continued to rave at different periods, till he grew more weak, and life ſeemed to ebb apace. His recollection was better, but his horrors of mind were more ſhocking than were before witneſſed. He would not be a moment alone, and at night could not reſt without three

three or four perſons about him. The ſlighteſt noiſe terrified him, and he would ſometimes cry out 'What is that? ſurely I ſaw a lady-bird undraw my curtains.—No, it could not be, for ſhe was without her mackarel.' Then he would ſigh deeply. He ſlept but a little in the night; if he did for a few minutes, he would ſtart, and wake in the greateſt agonies, and relate the moſt hideous and unconnected dreams.

The return of morning preſented a certainty, that he could not long ſurvive. His tongue and lips were parched and dry, ſpite of his frequent recourſe to decoctions of General Barton's preparing. The ſurface

face of his ſkin exhibited a leprous appearance, and his eyes wild, glowing and deep ſunk in his head, glared diſmally on all around. 'Let me meaſure the moon,' ſaid he, 'tis full of marrow, faugh! but O this torrent of lobſters—ſtop them, they curl the Heavens. Bottle up the war in a corn-field, and put my vote in hell. Hold me—the room is in flames, and the caſtle totters, what a ſerpent is the miniſter, he has ſtung mankind—I am a crocodile.' He now caught hold of the bed cloaths, as if to ſave himſelf, and giving a dreadful ſhriek, EXPIRED.

Major Pemberton was much diſconcerted at the ſuddenneſs of the event,

event, as it prevented his going out a ſhooting. The reſt of the company walked forth upon the terrace to vent their reflections on the extraordinary events they had witneſſed, and in the evening there was a concert.

Chapter 5.

VARIETY OF SINGULAR EVENTS.

IT is a taſk by no means eaſy, to develope the workings of the human heart in all its progreſſive motions, yet ſurely the moſt intereſting endeavour is, to divulge the perverſion of the paſſions, and to hold out a beacon to miſguided men, which ſhall controul the irregularities of fancy, and hourly generate the voice of wiſdom, the dignity of virtue, and the incomprehenſibility of ſhame.

Henry Lambert, ſeduced by the gay diſſipation of the metropolis, ſoon

launched out into every faſhionable folly and extravagance; he aſſociated with the Toms the Charleses and the Georges who exhibited their elegant perſons in Bond Street every day, he became a member of the firſt clubs, drove a *vaſtly neat* curricle, and nodded familiarity to every woman of the town whether he knew her or not. He had alſo the credit of an intrigue with a Ducheſs. He was, (what is called) in a good ſtile. One day as he was riding careleſsly in Hyde Park, he obſerved a beautiful young woman ſelling nuts to an old cloaths man; he was ſo much ſtruck by her appearance, that he immediately ſet ſpurs to his horſe and taking off his hat with a reſpectful air, ſaluted Mrs. Wallingford,

Wallingford, (who was juſt then paſſing in a low phaeton) as follows. 'It is a charming day ma'em, I think the air is wonderfully mild for the ſeaſon.' 'Quite ſo indeed,' replied the Lady, 'but dear Harry! where have you been? Lady Sambrook's party was extremely dull laſt night, can you gueſs why I thought ſo?' 'Have n't an idea, upon my word, what can you allude to.' 'O you ſly man, to pretend ignorance—I have a great mind not to tell you; ſhall I tell you, Harry?' 'You will oblige me infinitely, you don't know how much you'll oblige me, you can't conceive the obligation I ſhould think it—can the fineſt woman in England be ſo hard-hearted?' 'O

you monſter, O you flatterer, do you know that you now make me really angry—and ſo you can't gueſs? well, however I won't tell you.' 'Yes do now, have compaſſion upon me, tell me why you thought it dull, pray do.' 'And ſo you abſolutely have not the ſmalleſt notion what could be the cauſe of my thinking it dull.'—Upon my credit, have not any conception of what it can be.' 'I'd lay fifty guineas', continued the Lady, 'that in your heart, you are perfectly convinced of what I mean.' 'No, indeed, I am upon my *parole*, I cannot diſcover the reaſon why you thought it dull laſt night—I am entirely at a loſs.' 'Well you may proteſt, but I don't believe you—however, not to tantalize

lize you, the only reaſon why I thought it dull laſt night at Lady Sambrook's was—I think I had better keep it to myſelf—was—now I will not ſay a word more about it.' 'How can you be ſo ſevere upon me?—Have mercy, my ſweet woman, I ſhall die if you don't tell me.' 'Well then the truth ſhall out, I thought it dull at Lady Sambrook's for no other reaſon but,—O you wretch!—becauſe *you* were not there. Now are you ſatisfied?'

Henry profeſſed himſelf in raptures at this diſcovery, and inſtantly ſtanding with one foot upon the ſaddle, ſet off full ſpeed, till he reached the Serpentine river, when plunging in,

he ſwam his horſe to the oppoſite ſhore, then took a flying leap over the wall on the Uxbridge road, croſſed the fields till he came near Harrow, turned to the left, and in half an hour found himſelf by Windſor—thence he bent his courſe to Henley, and reached Banbury at the very moment Major Pemberton had his tooth drawn. The ſoup was not yet taken away, ſo that Henry had juſt time to waſh his hands, and to enquire with a faultering tone, 'how is the divine Arabella?'

The Curtain at Drury Lane Theatre had been up ſome time, and the great Kemble, was in the very act of being ſuperior to Garrick, when Henry

Henry Lambert entered the ſtage box covered with duſt, and looking dreadfully fatigued. As the houſe was uncommonly crowded, and as a butcher from Leaden-hall Market was in hyſterics in the center of the pit, ſo Henry did not diſcover Lady Fairville till towards the concluſion of the fourth act. She ſaw Henry with a ſmile of complacency, being fully convinced of the ſincerity of his paſſion. She therefore advanced to the front of the box, tall, admirably proportioned, and with a dignity of carriage peculiar to herſelf. A looſe circaſſian dreſs of gold muſlin ſerved juſt to give an idea of the outline of her perfect form, her ſnowy arms were bare to within an inch of her

ſhoulders, a girdle of diamonds marked the ſituation of her ſwelling boſom, and her fine brown hair fell in profuſion far below her middle. A plume of oſtrich, leſs white than her ſkin, roſe from her forehead in lofty pride, and in the midſt ſtood a heron's feather triumphant. A *couche* of Paris *rouge*, appeared upon thoſe cheeks, whoſe natural bloom required no ſuch aid, yet it muſt be owned, her eyes from this circumſtance received additional brilliancy, though their luſtre was ſomewhat tempered by the dark fringe that ſurrounded them. Her eyebrows too were as charming as her eyes, they were much darker than her hair, and nature had penciled them with ſuch peculiar exactneſs,

they

they needed not the aid of art. Her noſe—it was not perfect—it had however as good pretenſions to pleaſe as that *petit né retrouſſé* which overthrew the laws of a potent empire. Two ruby lips occaſionally opened to ſhew the fineſt teeth in the world; and her chin, and the turn of her face were more pleaſing than can be imagined: her royal highneſs the Ducheſs of York's ſhoemaker had the honour of making her Ladyſhip's ſhoes, and her foot was ſtill leſs, if poſſible, and more to be admired than even that of the incomparable Princeſs. Add to all theſe charms, the vivacity of forty, the ſelf complacency that dwells on the countenance of a beauty, on the ſcene of her triumph; the little airs

and graces of a coquette, embelliſhed with her lover's preſence; picture to yourſelf all this, and you will ſee Lady Fairville gaining the admiration of the whole audience, and gradually effacing from the mind of Henry thoſe unfavourable impreſſions which Arabella's diſſertation had occaſioned.

Her Ladyſhip got through the crowd with the greateſt difficulty, and did not reach her own houſe till two o'clock in the morning, when throwing herſelf upon a marble hearth before the fire, ſhe poured fourth a deluge of tears, and declared to Mrs. Marmalade, her own woman, that ſhe was the moſt miſerable creature upon earth.

Henry,

Henry, on the contrary, paſſed the night in deep play, and having won fourteen hundred and ſixty guineas, ſet off at five o'clock, for Mahogany Caſtle, the reſidence of the late Lord Mahogany, and which was now become the inheritance of the right honorable Lord Charles Oakley.

Chapter

Chapter 6.

CAPTIVATING SCENERY.

MAHOGANY Caſtle was an ancient gothic building of the moſt impoſing and venerable appearance, it had towers and battlements, and a moat: but never was there a ſpot more calculated for tender meditations than the extenſive gardens which ſurrounded it.

From the eminence on which the houſe was placed, as far as the eye could reach, it traced a ſilver meandering ſtream. In the diſtribution of the grounds, the hand of KNIGHT had

had aſſiſted, but not forced nature; each maſterly ſtroke of his art had only ſerved to bring to light beauties that lay concealed before, and to improve and cheriſh each gift the bounteous Goddeſs had laviſhed on this charming place.

A velvet lawn, gently ſloped from the houſe down to the river, and ſerved for paſture to ſome hundreds of ſheep, which enriched the land, while they animated the ſcene. A riſing wood ſtretched itſelf to a conſiderable diſtance on the eaſt, its ſtems were waſhed by the river, and its feathered branches ſeemed to bend to receive the refreſhing moiſter. On the weſt, the eye wandered over an immenſe

immenſe park; the ground was beautifully irregular; wild, and diverſified with ſcattered herds of deer and cattle, groups of trees, with here and there a ſpire or a ſteeple peeping over their heads, and the view was terminated by riſing hills.

The cold blaſts of the North were kept off by ſome ſheltering mountains; the ſides were covered with the ilex, the laurel and the arbutus; and the ſummits were crowned with firs.

The ſhrubbery ſkirting the wood on the Eaſt, extended far to the South. It was adorned with a prodigious variety of flowering ſhrubs and curious plants, collected from various

various parts of the world. A few temples, deſigned after the beſt ancient models, were judiciouſly placed, and a bridge, particularly light and elegant, thrown over the river.

But amongſt the beauties of the ſcene, Lord Mahogany's cave was the moſt delightful ſpot.—In the ſpring, the approach to it ſeemed a terreſtrial paradiſe. A gradual deſcent carried you from the houſe, through a winding path irregularly planted with firs and foreſt trees, ſkirted with laurels and flowering ſhrubs. Here and there the eye caught thorns in all the pride of bloſſom; their reign of beauty is but ſhort, yet they ſtood alone on diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed ſpots, and wreathed their trunks into many fantaſtic ſhapes.

The purple lilac in lovely cluſters, and the unſullied white, vied with the Portugal laurel, and gelder roſe, in beauty. Here feſtoons of liber-num, and there the elegant acacia pleaſed the eye, while the air was perfumed with the united fragrance of ſweet-briar and violets;

'The muſk-roſe, and the well-attired wood-bine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head.'

In wandering thus through a laby-rinth of ſweets, ſometimes you caught a view of the adjacent country, and ſaw

ſaw the water glitter through the trees; but often the cloſing branches confined the eye to the delightful ſpot around. As you advanced, the ſhrubs gave way entirely to foreſt trees—majeſtic oaks, elms, cheſnuts, and beeches formed into a ſpacious grove. At firſt their tall ſtraight ſtems appeared like columns ſet at convenient diſtances from each other; by degrees they preſſed cloſer together; their bright tints diſappeared; the deep receſſes of the grove were darkened with the ſolemn gloom of cedars, and mournful cypreſſes, now quite impervious to the rays of the ſun. The paths became more numerous and intricate, till they brought

you

you to ſome irregular ſteps cut in a rock; the light inſenſibly ſtole upon you as you deſcended; and at the foot of the ſteps you found the entrance of a ſpacious cave. All here was huſhed and ſilent, ſave that the trickling drops of a purling rill ſtruck your ear, while it ſoftly bent its way toward the parent ſtream. A broken arch opened to your view the broad clear expanſe of the lake, covered with numerous aquatic fowl, and weeping willows adorning its banks.

Round this cave no gaudy flowers were ever permitted to bloom; this ſpot was ſacred to pale lilies and violets. An outlet, at firſt ſcarcely perceived

perceived in the cave, carried you through a winding paſſage to an immenſe amphitheatre, formed by a multitude of irregular rocks; ſome bold and abrupt, others covered with ivy, perriwinkles, and wall-flowers. One of theſe grottos was deſtined for a bath, and ornamented with branches of coral, brilliant ſpars, and curious ſhells. A lucid ſpring filled a marble baſon in the centre, and then loſing itſelf for a moment under ground, came daſhing and ſparkling forth at the extremity of the cave, and took its courſe over ſome ſhining pebbles to the lake below. Here ſtretched ſupinely on a bed of moſs, the late Lord Mahogany would frequently

quently paſs the ſultry hours of the day, and here its preſent worthy poſſeſſor Lord Charles Oakley would ſometimes alſo indulge himſelf. The grove, though leſs charming than when enlivened by the ſweet ſong of the nightingale, and adorned with the tender foliage of the ſpring, was ſtill delightful. His Lordſhip, to compenſate for the loſs of the lily and the violet, had ſubſtituted the tuberoſe, jeſſamine, and orange trees. The pots were concealed in the earth, and they appeared natives of the cave. Here all his thoughts were engroſſed by the object of his flame. Here he formed ſchemes of deluſive joys, ſtiffled the riſing ſigh, ſtopped the

the flowing tear, and in ſocial converſe with his dear friend Henry Lambert would oftentimes ſmoke a comfortable pipe, when the ſoft radiance of the moon played upon the pearly boſom of the adjacent waters.

Chapter 7.

SEVERE TREATMENT.

DON PEDRO having returned to Spain on very important buſineſs, the wretchedly forlorn Amelia knew not how to fill up the miſerable interval that muſt neceſſarily paſs before his return, when one day, having taken it into her head to go a trout fiſhing, at the corner of a copſe of hazle and bruſh wood, ſhe was ſuddenly ſurrounded by ſix men with black crape over their faces, who, gagged her, having bore her to a diſtant manſion, which ſhe did not at firſt recogniſe, but which

ſhe ſoon diſcovered to be the abode of the Marchioneſs of Oakley. Having entered, they croſſed a prodigious large hall, which in days of yore, had often feaſted hundreds of vaſſals and dependents of the Oakley family, but its neglected walls ſhewed it had long been deſerted.—A ſolemn ſtillneſs reigned through the building, no noiſe was heard but the echoing ſound of their footſteps on the pavement, and the diſtant crowing of that domeſtic male bird, which with piercing note cried, Cock-a-doodle-do.

Having paſſed through many windings and paſſages, and aſcended a vaſt ſtaircaſe covered with old family pictures,

pictures, and after traverſing a *ſuite* of rooms, ſome without windows, others unfurniſhed, at length they arrived at an apartment wainſcoted with oak, with old-faſhioned chairs, covered with dark blue velvet, and which received its light from grated caſements, nearly as far from the floor as from the ceiling.

Within, was a bedchamber in the ſame ſtyle, with an enormous ſized bed, the teſter of which was faſtened to the ceiling, and the walls hung with old-faſhioned tapeſtry.

One of the men, ſhewed her a ſmall ſervant's chamber, and taking the gag out of her delicate mouth

informed her that theſe were her apartments. They then all joined in a loud chorus of "Rule Britannia," and departed.

Amelia who had trembled from head to foot ever ſince ſhe had entered this odious houſe, and had a *preſentment* of her fate, caſt a mournful look around, and burſt into a violent agony of tears.

Dinner was ſoon after ſerved by an old woman, whom Arabella could not get to ſpeak a word, for in fact, ſhe was both deaf and dumb, beſides the having a naſty whitlow on her middle finger which had tormented her above a fortnight. The repaſt

conſiſted

conſiſted of a diſh of ſprats, a baſon of boiled tripe, a dozen roaſted larks, ſome broiled kidnies, a ſuet pudding, and a roaſt duck.

In the evening the Marchioneſs made her appearance, with a ſtern countenance, and ſaid ſhe had ſome buſineſs to ſettle, but that ſhe ſhould ſee her again before her departure. 'Your departure,' cried the terrified Amelia, 'can you think of leaving me here? you had better kill me at once.' The Marchioneſs made no anſwer, but immediately left the room.

She returned, however, to ſupper;

no converſation paſſed, and as ſoon as it was over, retired, and ſent Mrs. Dorothy Webſter to Amelia, whoſe ſpirits were ſo totally ſubdued, that ſhe ſuffered herſelf, without ſpeaking, to be put to bed.

The next morning the Marchioneſs came to take her leave, when Amelia, with a torrent of tears, flung herſelf upon her knees, and in the humbleſt accents ſued for mercy. Lady Oakley raiſed her up, and placing her on a chair, 'Compoſe yourſelf, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'and ſubmit patiently to your fate; *here* I am determined you ſhall remain; and your behavior will decide, whether your impriſonment

priſonment ſhall be temporary, or only terminate with your life. Your reaſonable commands Mrs. Dorothy Webſter will obey, your wants ſhall be ſupplied, but nothing more.

She then haſtily ruſhed out of the room, and after ſending Mrs. Dorothy Webſter to Arabella, immediately quitted the houſe.

Nothing could be more deplorable than Amelia's condition, ſhe raved, ſcreamed, tore her hair, and refuſed all conſolation. Alone in this diſmal priſon, never ſeeing any creature but Mrs. Dorothy Webſter; from frantic fits of deſpair, ſhe fell

into a ſtupid melancholy, would frequently whiſtle 'Britons ſtrike home' for the hour together, talked about the Rights of Man like a maniac, and drank lemonade like a fiſh.

Chapter

Chapter 8.

A WATER PARTY.

AFTER ſome days paſſed in a diſagreeable confinement, Amelia turned her thoughts on ſpeculative philoſophy, and ſoon diſcovered the power of the human Will, by a proper exertion of which, ſhe could conquer the approach of ſleep and hunger with a marvellous facility.

The Marchioneſs in conſequence of theſe favourable ſymptoms in her fair priſoner's mind, invited a large party to go upon the lake, in a very magnificent barge, which had for-

merly belonged to the ſtationer's company, and which had been knocked down to her Ladyſhip at a private auction, for fourteen pounds twelve ſhillings and ninepence half-penny.

The company was very brilliant, and the weather prodigiouſly fine; they were all dreſſed in their richeſt cloathes, and looked as elegant as carrots when newly ſcraped by the induſtrious care of a handſome cook-maid. The wind was South-Weſt, and the little fiſhes ſported in the veſſel's ſilver *wake* with a faſcinating gaiety; when unfortunately Lucinda Howard, ſtretching forward to catch a cormorant, ſlipped overboard, and in a moment

a moment disappeared. General Barton immediately burst into tears, the Marchioness fainted, and Amelia fell into strong hysterics. At this interesting moment the Rev. Mr. Squares, so renowned for his valuable criticisms, for his love of royalty, and detestation of liberty, jumped upon the deck, and jerking away his spectacles with uncommon grace, exclaimed 'Good lack a day,' then curling up his nose with a cynical twist peculiar to himself, plunged beneath the waves, and seized the drowning Lucinda by the locks,

'Like a rich triumph in one hand he bore her,
'And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
'That throng'd and press'd to rob him of his prize.'

Mr. Bilbo, a learned coadjutor of the Divine, was for ſome time ſo ſhocked and overcome, that he could not ſpeak. At length, pointing his left foot towards the dangerous element, he cried out in original Greek Βραυω; then ſeizing a heavy tranſlation of Herodotus, in a fit of diſtraction he hurled it furiouſly at the celebrated Mr. Gifford's head, which being of a very ſolid texture, received no kind of injury. The blow, however, awakened the ſpleen of the ſatiriſt, who immediately expreſſed his ſenſations by the two following excellent and extemporaneous verſes.

'By Jove I will lampoon you all,
'Except Sam Slybore—great and ſmall.'

Now

Now Sam Slybore was laughing in his ſleeve during the whole tranſaction, and declared he would in the courſe of twenty-four hours produce a painting of the whole ſcene with his accuſtomed *ſincerity*. This alarmed the Marchioneſs and the reſt of the Ladies, when Amelia archly demanded of the Limner 'were not you educated at Buckingham Houſe?' Every body took the joke, and in a few moments they all landed with the utmoſt harmony and good humour.

During this period of time, the Reverend Mr. Squares who had dragged Lucinda to the ſhore, was endeavouring to recover her by putting in practice all the means which have been

been directed by the Humane Society, and at length he happily ſucceeded—It was then that the meek Lucinda gazing on the Parſon with ineffable rapture, exclaimed, 'now the ſecret is diſcovered, the cat is let out of the bag, you my charming Squares, you are the man I love and have long loved—'I have languiſhed many months, but now I look to you for comfort, you have ſaved my life, you know my mind, O Squares!'

The divine, though very much flattered to find that Lucinda Howard was ſo deeply ſmitten, yet being terribly drenched by the water, ſtood mournfully drooping, and had a ſimilar appearance to a rat half-drowned.

His

His natural aſperity however ſoon returned, and he declared that he would be —— if he did not cut them all up in his next Review, which determination the great Gifford highly approved of, and Sam Slybore

'Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile, to find
His friends would be abuſed.'

Bilbo ſaid nothing, but he paid it off with thinking—and Amelia wittily obſerved to him—'The ſtill ſow ſucks the moſt draught.' Lucinda, having thanked Mr. Squares, the Marchioneſs, Sam Slybore, and the reſt of the company, for their kind ſolicitude, retired—being determined to prepare a copy of verſes fit for the eye of the immortal

immortal Squares. She therefore took a doſe of ſalts, and after ſeven or eight *movements*, produced the following panegyrical ode, which ſhe preſented to her beloved Squares the next morning at breakfaſt, and which was highly applauded by all the company, but eſpecially by Mr. Gifford and the Painter.

Ode to my Dear Squares.

O thou, my Squares! beſt formed to ſhow,
The right and wrong of things below,
To thee I dedicate the ſong—
Prime Parſon of this happy land,
The foremoſt of the critic band,
The terror of the ſcribbling throng!

Whether in pride of mental might,
Thou wageſt literary fight,

With

With ſpectacles upon thy noſe,
Or quaffing gay Sam Slybore's glaſs,
Thou toaſteſt many a buxom laſs,
Alike for thee my boſom glows.

Whether thou teacheſt readers vile,
When they ſhould frown, and when ſhould ſmile,
By thy ſcholaſtic rigid rules;
Or in a haughty cleric paſſion
Mendeſt the judgment of the nation,
Proving it but a neſt of fools;

Still will I love thee, Squares ſo dear!
Still will I heave the ſigh ſincere,
Thou haſt preſerved Lucinda's life!
And as thou plunged'ſt in the water,
To ſave an honeſt Perſon's daughter,
Make her an honeſt Parſon's wife!

And I, my love! will join with thee,
Againſt the cauſe of liberty,

And all its daring friends to ſcold,
Tyrants and ſycophants we'll praiſe,
To penſioners our voices raiſe,
And touch like them the BRITISH GOLD.

Then Gifford, with his lumbring line,
Shall ſwear our efforts are divine,
Bilbo ſhall gaze with look demure;
Sam Slybore kindeſt, beſt of men!
Shall add his pencil to the pen,
And paint us all in car'cature.

Chapter 9.

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

LUCINDA's unfortunate paſſion every day acquired more ſtrength, till at length ſhe rapidly declined in health, while the dear object of her choice treated her with the moſt unpardonable neglect. Occupied in his literary purſuits, and in his grand endeavour to correct the public taſte, he had no time to throw away in ſighs and tenderneſs. Mr. Gifford, on the contrary, was particularly attentive to her, and would frequently gaze upon her with ineffable ſenſibility. Nay, ſuch was the increaſing violence

violence of his regard, that he actually preſented her with his divine ſatirical poem called the Mæviad, which he had been delivered of with dreadful pains, and which had coſt him infinite labour.—As, however, it had no ſale, he thought he might ſpare her one copy, becauſe it could not injure his intereſt, and might be conſidered as a token of his regard.

This exquiſite goodneſs on the part of Mr. Gifford made a deep impreſſion on the heart of the charming Lucinda, but in vain, her affections were already fixed on a faithleſs, 'gallant, gay Lothario,' and all the reſt of mankind were of no conſequence to her.

'She

'She pined in thought.'

She did indeed, and in a few weeks grew so extremely 'green and yellow,' that it was disagreeable to look upon her. Had Mr. Squares felt for her those gentle sensations which correspond with her internal emotions, no doubt they might have been happy in the extreme: but alas! in this transitory world, the fairest hopes are too frequently blighted, and the best pretensions not seldom obumbrated by despair. Lucinda Howard was beautifully pathetic, and possessed a mind of the finest texture, therefore the coldness of her beloved Clergyman affected her too deeply, and in her

her exquiſite agitations ſhe wandered through the wilds of fancy with marvellous pertinacity. Not but ſhe had hopes of ſoftening his obdurate nature by time and opportunity, yet the difficulty was great, and in the interim ſhe was liable to all thoſe little incidental inconveniencies which ariſe from ill requited affection, and the workings of a generous, but a too tender, heart. She therefore ſeized the firſt occaſion that offered to ſend him the following compoſition.

Ode to the Moon.

Meek Queen of Night! who gliding o'er the glade,
Art ſo averſe from ſhade,
All hail!
Whether upon the flow'ry vale

Or

Or on the Woodland height,
Thou ſhed'ſt thy ſtream of ſilver light;—
I ſtill admire thee, very much,
Or when thou deign'ſt to touch
The rocks magnificent that o'er the ſea
Riſe in ſublime deformity;—
For thou art wondrous fair; and thy full Orb
Can all mankind entrance, and this rich globe
abſorb.

Thy ſoft Eye gliſtering on the vernal grove,
Awakes its feather'd Choireſters to love,
Or when the nightingale begins to pauſe,
And the lone Shepherd's mild attention draws,
Thou addeſt to th' enchanting ſcene,
By telling thy pale beams to intervene—
Thus when my Critic Clergyman appears,
I melt in anguiſh, and in tears,
Becauſe he is indifferent and cold,
Nor am I very young, nor is he very old.

Strike the loud drum, and wake the merry flute,
With dub-a-dub-a-dub, and toot, toot, toot,
Let the ſhrill trumpet Tarra-tarra cry,
And the ſweet viol breath its melody.
While to the glancing moon my ſong I pour,
And tell of him I ever muſt adore;
Whoſe winning ſmiles, whoſe voice, whoſe gait to me
Are one eternal ſource of joy and extaſy.

When the wondering Mr. Squares had read this delightful effuſion, he called for a glaſs of gin and water, and with more than his uſual good nature, exclaimed, 'Thus endeth the ſecond leſſon!'

Chapter

Chapter 10.

A DIGRESSION AND A DREAM.

DURING the progreſs of this little work, the greateſt care has been taken to avoid confuſion, and to eſtabliſh throughout, a general conſiſtency of character, and a regular ſucceſſion of events. To this praiſe the publication muſt have ſome claim, whatever defects may be found in the ſtyle, the ſentiments, or the poetry. But to return.

Henry Lambert having obtained the rank of Colonel became an object of much intereſt to the firſt ſocie-

ties in London, where a number of elegant young Ladies, who have perhaps more beauty than fortune, are always to be diſpoſed of to Gentlemen of honor and conſideration. He however, was totally abſorbed in the contemplation of the happineſs he might have ſhared with the incomparable and lovely Arabella, if ſuch a ſucceſſion of untoward circumſtances had not prevented him. As his affection for the glorious conſtitution of his country was unbounded, and as he had at all times a proper contempt for the hunger and ſufferings of the poor, ſo in an equal degree he reſpected the ornamental part of ſociety, conſiſting of Lords, Aldermen, Parliament Men, Crimps,

Juſtices of the Peace, Biſhops, Deans, Arch-deacons, and Attorneys.

One evening Henry finding himſelf indiſpoſed, retired early to his bed, and preſently fell aſleep. The dream he had this night made ſuch an impreſſion upon him, that the very moment day-light appeared, he wrote it down as follows, for the entertainment and inſtruction of his friends.

THE DREAM.

'Methought I was thrown upon an iſland in the Atlantic ocean which was crowded with inhabitants, and the ports of which were full of veſſels from all parts of the world. Its ſur-

face was covered with abundance, and every countenance I saw denoted chearfulness, prosperity, and content: But after a little time I beheld a band of ruffians possess themselves of all the power of government, and divide amongst themselves the riches of the land. The liberties of the people were speedily annihilated, they were plunged into destructive wars to gratify the selfishness and ambition of their rulers, they were reduced to famine by every species of the baseſt monopoly, and the honest and industrious poor were consigned to ignomity and treated with contempt. Then the people assembled in great multitudes to complain, and petitioned their oppressors to grant them some relief,

relief, but they found none, their juſt remonſtrances were deemed ſeditious and treaſonable, and the men who had thus ſeized the reigns of authority, publiſhed an order forbidding all perſons to aſſemble, or even to murmur; and afterwards a decree was paſſed that all the tongues of all the complainants ſhould be cut out as a proper puniſhment for their audacity. When this *ſtrong meaſure* was carried into execution, there was a dead ſilence throughout the nation, and order and tranquility were pretty generally reſtored. Now methought the name of this ſtrange country was, THE ISLAND OF MUM'.

Chapter 11.

FEMALE FRAILTY, AND A MISFORTUNE.

AS the elegant Lucinda was one morning walking upon the terrace of Lady Fairville's garden, ruminating upon her ſad and hopeleſs deſtiny, ſhe obſerved a youth ſleeping on a bank of daiſeys, faſhionably attired. She ſtarted at the ſight and faintly ſcreamed, while he, at the ſound of her angelic voice ſprang towards her, and folding his fond arms around her, profeſſed himſelf the eternal ſlave of her beauty and attraction. 'O!' exclaimed he with the moſt wild and energetic paſſion, 'O

thou mirror of ſuperhuman excellence, thou ſoft ſuſtainer of all earthly good, to every zone I will declare the ardor of that flame which now conſumes my heart, thou art a divinity of the firſt order, a lambent fire of exquiſite delight that plays upon the wings of fancy, and fettles both the judgment and the wiſh! How beautifully fall thoſe luxuriant treſſes in ſoft profuſion on a neck of ſnow, which ſeems as it were juſt tinged by the laſt weak bluſh of evening. Ha! thoſe lips, how inconceivably tempting, thoſe eyes how penetrating, how brilliant, how expreſſive—chin, noſe, mouth, teeth, arms, elbows, breaſt and ſhape, how beyond all conception captivating and enchanting! She now reclined her head

upon

upon his burning boſom, while many a dewy drop moiſtened her glowing cheek. Her ſenſibility yielded to the impreſſion of ſo much tenderneſs and truth, ſhe claſped him tenderly in a ſoft embrace and almoſt fainted.

There happened to be a hermitage at no great diſtance from the ſcene of action—it was made of moſs, and in it was a couch for Lady Fairville to repoſe herſelf, after the fatigues of company and cards. Thither the gallant handſome youth bore the yielding Lucinda 'nothing loth', and there, if we may uſe the words of Shakeſpeare, he

'Robbed her of that which naught enriched him,
And made her poor indeed'.

The two lovers paſſed ſeveral hours in this heavenly retreat, vowing eternal fidelity to each other,

'And mingling ſoft diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet.'

As at length, however, it became neceſſary for them to put a period to ſo intereſting a tete-a-tete. Lucinda, with her accuſtomed prudence, reminded him that it was time to depart, and he inſtantly obeyed her command, but not till ſhe had given him one balmy parting ſalute, and had promiſed to marry him the firſt opportunity. To which, the enamoured youth being overcome by the fineneſs of his ſenſations, could make no reply.

As

As Lucinda was tripping acroſs the lawn towards the houſe, ſhe unfortunately met Mr. Squares and Mr. Gifford, who were taking an *abuſive* walk,

'As is their cuſtom in an afternoon.'

She was ſhocked at the ſight of theſe two cynics, and though ſhe was ſomewhat relieved to find that Sam Slybore was not with them, yet the ſeverity of their aſpect had ſuch an effect upon her delicate nerves, that ſhe immediately fell ſick with a bilious fever, and notwithſtanding all the care of the Satiriſt, and the pious prayers of the Parſon, before twelve o'clock on the next day, ſhe was as

dead as Julius Cæſar. The following beautiful epitaph upon her was written by a learned and ingenious ſchoolmaſter of Dedham in Eſſex; it was compoſed in leſs than eight months, and is engraved upon her tombſtone in Banbury church-yard.

The Epitaph.

Here lies the body of Lucinda Howard,
Who neither ugly was, nor falſe, nor froward;
But good and pretty, as this verſe declares,
And ſav'd from drowning by his Reverence Squares.
But ſmall the 'vantage, for ſhe ſcarce was *dried*,
Before ſhe made a ſad faux pas—and DIED.

Chapter 12.

A WIDE SPREADING CALAMITY.

THE ſudden death of the unfortunate Lucinda Howard, having thrown a great damp over the company, it was thought adviſeable to adjourn to the manſion of Don Pedro de Gonzales, who having been appointed Ambaſſador from Spain, led his charming Amelia through every round of animating pleaſures which his ſituation enabled him to purſue.

As his attachment to the heaven-born Mr. Pitt was great, and as he honoured the tranſparent virtues of the

the wiſe Lord Grenville and the humane Mr. Windham, ſo he paſſed his time in the moſt ſplendid luxury amongſt the principal placemen, penſioners, and other worthies of the court. There is however no accounting for accidents as we all know by fatal experience, for on the third day after the arrival of the party, owing to a copper ſtew-pan in which ſome celery had been cooked; every perſon preſent was ſeized with convulſions about eleven o'clock at night, and the following Ladies and Gentlemen departed this life in the courſe of twenty four hours; Amelia de Gonzales, General Barton, Lady Langley, Major Pemberton, the Marchioneſs of Oakley, Lord Charles Oakley,

Oakley, Doctor Philberd, Miſs Warley, the two Miſs Pebleys, Miſs Maleverer, and Sir Sidney Walker. This terrible cataſtrophe occaſioned much buſtle throughout the county, and various opinions were formed upon the ſubject; however, as the coroner's inqueſt brought them all in lunatics, ſo the affair went off with more ſpirit and decorum than could at firſt have been imagined. Fortunately none of the great political perſonages were preſent at this fatal dinner, otherwiſe the country at large would have ſuffered an irreparable loſs.

Chapter 13.

A PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN Arabella heard of the dreadful misfortune that had befallen her friends, ſhe reſigned herſelf to the moſt excruciating ſorrow, and frequently reflected with all the poignancy of deſpair, on the conduct of her beloved Henry. To Colonel and Lady Maria Lambert ſhe therefore determined to apply for that conſolation which her immediate agonies demanded.

Having dreſſed herſelf a blue robe with a yellow ſaſh, ſhe departed with the faithful Margaret Grimes, in queſt

queſt of him who could alone adminiſter relief to her perturbed ſoul.

It was now autumn, and the harveſt was every where got in, when tempted by the beauty of a rich country, the two fair travellers deſcended one evening from their chaiſe, to repoſe themſelves upon the bank of a rivulet that ran murmuring with a ſhallow ſtream among groves, and lawns, and flowers. While they were here enjoying the rural ſolitude of the ſcene, and imbibing the wholeſome freſhneſs of the air, they were ſurprized by the appearance of a man very much worn with years, leaning upon a ſtaff, who advanced ſlowly towards

towards them. His beard was long, full, and white as the mountain ſnow, his eyes were ſunk deep in his head, his countenance was melancholy, and with a faultering voice he thus addreſſed them.

'Ladies, it is now above ſixty years ſince I retired from the world into yonder neighbouring wood, where I have built a hut which defends me from the inclemencies of the ſeaſon. My food conſiſts of the ſimpleſt herbs, and I ſlake my thirſt at the lucid ſpring. I was turned of thirty years when I quitted the unmeaning buſtle of the world, to dedicate my life to ſolitude and reflection. I had found alas! that my friends

friends were falſe, and the woman of my heart was faithleſs; I therefore ſhunned the ſociety of mankind; for to live in a croud without confidence or attachment, is a miſery inſupportable. Here I have employed myſelf in uſeful ſtudy, and occupied my mind with deep reſearches, which, though they ſhall never benefit the human race, have ſerved to enlarge my ſoul, and to render it more capable of future happineſs. I have calculated the ſucceſſion of ſeconds paſſed ſince the creation of the world, I have diſcovered the average number of hairs that grow upon the heads of all mankind, I have found out with great trouble how many half pints of water are contained in

this

this terraqueous globe; the leaves in yonder foreſt have all been counted by me, and I hope in a little time to be exactly informed, how many millions of words womankind utter every twenty-four hours throughout all the world. This, with afterwards reducing the words into letters, will be the occupation of the enſuing year, and you muſt allow that it will be time nobly and meritoriouſly employed. I find that at four o'clock this morning, I had lived preciſely 2,932,848,000 ſeconds, yet how ſoon are they fled! a portion of life concontaining 33945 days is granted unto few, but how ſhort is even ſuch a period! nor do my tears ever ceaſe to flow, when I reflect upon the deſtruction

ſtruction of animal life, made by the human inhabitants of this earth. More rapacious than the mountain wolf, more ſavage than the tyger of the deſert, each individual gorges himſelf with blood. I can prove that the moſt delicate female by the time ſhe attains the age of twenty five, never fails to have eaten to her own ſhare a flock of ſheep conſiſting of 267, beeves 39, calves 48, hogs, 51, chickens 3256, beſides 1840 ducks, with turkeys, pigeons, partridges, pheaſants, hares, and wildfowl, in proportion—add to theſe as many fiſhes as would ſatisfy the largeſt whale for a twelve month, together with an abundance of corn, wine, oil, herbs, fruit, and other neceſſaries'.

neceſſaries'. At theſe words Arabella and Margaret Grimes burſt into an immoderate fit of laughing, which ſo much affected the old man that he walked off in diſdain. The two travellers now began to make ſome ſhrewd remarks upon the different occupations of men, and the various cauſes of their purſuits and ſtudies, when Arabella inſtantly called to mind the excellence of her Henry, and ſeizing Margaret Grimes by the hair with great energy, vowed eternal fidelity to him.

On the following day they purſued their journey in the waggon, and arrived at length in perfect ſafety at their lodgings in Conduit Street, which

which had been previouſly taken for a Biſhop's daughter, by an Alderman. The promiſed pleaſures of the grand metropolis delighted the tender heart of Arabella, and the hopes of again ſeeing her dear Henry, conveyed the ſtrongeſt ſenſation of rapture to her breaſt, while Margaret, the faithful Margaret, formed ſchemes of conqueſt, to which, through life ſhe had hitherto been a ſtranger.

Chapter 14.

A VISIT TO A MINISTER OF STATE.

SINCE the fatal rencontre with Arabella that had ſo diſturbed the peace of Henry, he had left off many of thoſe idle amuſements which add but little to the general ſtock of harmleſs pleaſure, and too frequently miſlead the mind into a labyrinth of woe.

He therefore called upon Dr. Sanderſon at his elegant villa, to aſk his advice relative to his own future conduct with Arabella; beſides he

wiſhed to be informed whether the worthy Doctor had really adopted thoſe democratic principles which he had been reported to have done, for Henry was very unwilling to withdraw his friendſhip and regard from any man without very ſufficient reaſon. Lawyer Blackingſon had indeed circulated many cruel reports to the injury of the poor Doctor's reputation, but the general opinion of Blackingſon was ſo unfavourable, that Henry thought it beneath him to pay much attention to his malignant ſtories, knowing that the fellow, though himſelf a bit of a Farmer, had no greater delight upon earth than to oppreſs the poor to the utmoſt of his power, and to beat his maids when occaſion offered.

In this emergency therefore Henry cropped his hair according to the prevailing mode, and pulling on his boots and ſpurs waited on Mr. Pitt to thank him for the care he had ſo kindly taken of the Britiſh nation. As Henry, by the death of the Marchioneſs of Oakley, was become a man of immenſe property, with two Boroughs at his command, ſo the heaven-born miniſter received him with more than his common candour, and preſented him with a goblet of ſherry and two macaroons. Henry, overcome by ſuch a teſtimony of regard, and captivated by the condeſcenſion of ſo great a man, politely offered him in return a pinch of ſnuff, and with pleaſing diffidence demanded

if THE ACT FOR GENERAL SILENCE was paſſed. The great Roſe aſſured him it was, and that Lord Grenville, Lord Mansfield, Mr. Windham and himſelf were the happieſt of men, in ſpite of the high price of bread, and the encreaſing weight of taxes, which he jocularly obſerved did not affect them. Henry getting more intimate, and more eaſy in the preſence of ſuch ſublime perſonages, earneſtly entreated to have a baſon of pea ſoup, but this Pitt abſolutely refuſed, becauſe he was under the neceſſity of going to the houſe.

Here then the conference ended for the preſent, and Henry returned home in the higheſt ſpirits, and being

in

in a finely animated mood, immediately wrote a comedy which he carried the next morning to the manager of Covent Garden theatre, who received it favourably, and as it had no plot, and was full of tumbling, kicking, breaking, and buffonery, ſo it met with univerſal applauſe, and gained the approbation of Mr. Aſtley the elder, who has long preſided over the amuſements of the Public with wonderful eclat; and who enjoys the holy patronage of his Royal Highneſs the Biſhop of Oſnabourg, Duke of York.

Arabella in the mean time indulged her delicate fancy in all the ſoftneſs of romantic love, and when the moon

ſcattered her pale yellow tints on the ſycamore grove, ſhe wandered forth to all appearance a

'Penſive Nun devout and pure,
Sober, ſteadfaſt and demure.'

Seated upon a favourite green bench on the margin of a bubbling ſtream, ſhe would remain for hours reading her beloved Arioſto and eating golden pippins, while the tears would inceſſantly 'chaſe one another down her 'innocent noſe,' as ſhe reflected on the capricious inſtability of her heart's dear lord, her handſome gallant Henry Lambert. To divert her melancholy ſhe at times would yield her ſoul to the deluſions of poetry. And one

evening

evening being rather in better ſpirits than uſual, produced the following enigma, which thoſe perſons who can diſcover its meaning will find to be a *chef d'œuvre* of the art.

Enigma.

I'm as firm as a rock, and as weak as a reed,
As ſlow as a ſnail, and as ſwift as a ſteed,
As fat as a porpoiſe, yet thin as a rake,
As pliant as ozier, though ſtiff as a ſtake.
I'm a giant, a dwarf, a lion, a hare,
And by fetters conſtrain'd, am as free as the air.
Extremely deform'd, yet a beauty complete,
Very tall, very ſhort, and tho' dirty am neat.
I can fly like an eagle, but can't leave the ground,
Am exactly a ſquare, yet am perfectly round;
I'm as heavy as lead, and as light as a fly;
And am at a diſtance whenever I'm nigh.
Tho' I talk all day long, I'm as mute as a fiſh;
And tho' wanting all things have nothing to wiſh.

I'm as red as a rose, yet as black as a crow;
Am the friend of mankind, yet am every man's
foe.
I'm a king and a beggar, a drab and a queen,
And while charming *all eyes*, am not fit to be
seen.

Chapter

Chapter 15.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

THERE is but little reſource in the human heart in times of emergency, unleſs nature adds a redundancy of imagination to regulate the impetuoſity that ſprings from diſcordant ſentiments. Of this the dear faſcinating Arabella was more convinced than ever, and therefore determined to open her little cottage for the reception of a ſmall party, whoſe converſation and remarks might tend to withdraw her agitated mind from the contemplation of her adorable Henry.

The card table was accordingly *ſet*, and Mr. Bilbo, having cut in as partner with the beautiful Miſs Bradwell, for a rubber at whiſt, was aſked by that Lady if he had written his Arabian ſtory books himſelf. The pride of the author revolted at the queſtion, and he begged leave to obſerve, that however he might like to cut up the works of other perſons, he was nevertheleſs as *ſore* as any body when his own were attacked. As the growling Gifford ſaw that matters began to wear a ſerious aſpect, he wiſhed to enliven the company by reading a few extracts from his ode to the Reverend Mr. Ireland, written in imitation of Horace. Taking therefore a pinch of black-guard from Mr. Squares's

Squares's box, and nodding gracefully to Sam Slybore, he began as follows.

When howling winds and louring ſkies,
The light *untimber'd* bark *ſurprize*,
Near Orkney's boiſterous ſeas;
The trembling crew *forget to ſwear*,
And bend their knees, unuſed to prayer,
* To aſk a little eaſe.

For eaſe the Turk ferocious, *prays*,
For eaſe the barbarous Ruſſe,—for *eaſe*,
Which P— could ne'er obtain,

* The ſurprize in which a light-timbered, or as *the Poet* has it a *light-untimbered* bark muſt be in when overtaken by a ſtorm is moſt happily expreſſed. The ſailors forgetting their oaths is a fine conception. In the concluding lines, the returning ſounds of *ſeas*, *knees*, and *eaſe*, ſo near together, have a pretty effect upon the ear.

Which Bedford lack'd amidſt his ſtore,
And liberal Clive with mines of ore,
† Oft bade for—but in vain.

For not the liveried troops that wait
Around the manſions of THE GREAT,
Can keep, my friend! aloof
Fear; that attacks the mind by fits,
And Care, that like a raven *flits*,
‡ Around the lordly roof.

O well

† The two laſt lines of the firſt ſtanza end with the words, *prayer* and *eaſe*, and the two firſt of the ſecond ſtanza end with *prays* and *eaſe*, (or rather Hibernice *aiſe*) which is beautiful in the extreme. The idea of putting *eaſe* up to auction, and making Lord Clive an unſucceſsful *bidder*, is certainly original—it is grand—it is ſublime.

‡ The *liveried troops* here mentioned, mean *livery ſervants*, and not *ſencible regiments*,—THE GREAT, means

all

O well is he; to whom kind Heaven
A *decent competence* has given,
Rich in the bleſſing ſent;
He graſps not anxiouſly at more,
Dreads not to uſe his little ſtore,
And *fattens* on content.

N. B. A contented mind is a continual feaſt, and continual feaſting makes a man fat..

all titled and rich men in general, which brings to our mind a couplet, written by a Lady.

I have no deſire to reflect on *the ſtate*,
But little Lord Montford is one of THE GREAT.

The happy mode of expreſſion—Can keep, my friend! aloof fear! is moſt charmingly melodious, and the repreſenting the raven *flitting* about the lordly roof like a bat, is new, and beyond all praiſe. Surely Gray ſhould have written,

Far far aloof the *bat* affrighted fails.

Such appropriation of *non appertaining* properties gives an exquiſite beauty to poetry.

O well

O well is he! for *life is loſt*,
Amidſt a whirl of paſſions *toſt*:
Then why, *dear Jack*, ſhould man
Magnanimous ephemera! *ſtretch*
His views beyond the narrow *reach*,
* Of his contracted ſpan?

Why ſhould he from his country run,
In hopes beneath a foreign ſun
Serener hours to find?
Was never man in this *wild chace?*
Who changed his nature with his place,
† And left himſelf behind.

* The idea of the Magnanimous Ephemera ſtretching his *views* beyond the narrow reach of his *ſpan*, is worthy of Homer.

† A chace to find ſerene hours, is very well hit off indeed, common ſportſmen find their game firſt and chace it afterwards, but here the chace is to find—this is ſuperior to any thing extant.

For winged with all the lightning's ſpeed,
Care climbs the bark, Care *mounts the ſteed*,
An inmate of the breaſt:
Nor Barca's heat, nor Zembla's cold,
Can drive from *that pernicious hold*,
The too tenacious gueſt.

They, *whom no anxious thoughts annoy*,
Grateful the preſent hour enjoy,
Nor ſeek the next to know:
† *To lighten ev'ry ill they ſtrive*,
Nor, ere misfortune's *hand* arrive,
Anticipate the *blow* ‡.

* An inmate of the breaſt mounting a ſteed, is good.

† i. e. Thoſe who are not annoyed by any ills ſtrive to lighten them. Good again!

‡ That a *blow* ſhould neceſſarily follow the *arrival of a hand* few perſons would anticipate.—A *word* and a *blow* we have heard of.—This paſſage therefore denotes genius.

Something

Something muſt ever be amiſs,
Man has his joys; but *perfect bliſs*
Lives only in the *brain*;
We cannot all have all we want
And chance unaſk'd to THIS may grant,
What THAT has begg'd in vain.

WOLF ruſh'd on death in manhood's *bloom*,
PAULET crept ſlowly to the tomb;
* *Here* BREATH, *there* FAME was given;
And that wiſe power who weighs our lives
† By *contras* and by *pers* contrives
To make the balance even.

To THEE ſhe gave *two piercing eyes* §,
A body—juſt of Tydeus' ſize,
A judgment ſound and clear,

* Breath here means length of days, which has the recommendation of novelty. *Fame* inſtead of *breath* is a grand conception.

† This is ſurely one of the fineſt lines in the Engliſh language.

§ How prettily complementary to his friend!

A mind,

A mind, with various ſcience *fraught* *,
A liberal ſoul and threadbare *coat*,
And forty pounds a year.

To ME, one eye, not over good,
Two ſides, that to their coſt have *ſtood* †.
A ten years hectic cough.
§ *Aches, ſtitches, all the numerous ills,*
That ſwell the dev'liſh Doctor's bills,
And ſweep poor mortals off:

A coat more bare than thine, a ſoul
That ſpurns the croud's malign controul,
A fix'd contempt of wrong;

* *Fraught* and *coat* are allowable rhimes.

† *Stood*, here means *withſtood*—for two ſides ſtanding a cough, might otherwiſe be deemed harſh.

§ It has generally been ſuppoſed that *the medicines* taken ſwelled the deviliſh Doctor's bills, but it is here evident they are ſwelled by *diſeaſes*.

Spirits *above* affliction's *pow'r*,
And ſtill to charm the lonely hour,
‡ WITH NO INGLORIOUS SONG!

Mr. Gifford having finiſhed the reading of this excellent production, received the congratulations of the company, with a modeſty peculiar to himſelf. Their applauſes were long and reiterated, which encouraged him to bring forth another performance,

‡ The author's deſcription of himſelf elucidates his own character, in the happieſt and moſt fortunate manner. Every body muſt ſurely reſpect and honor a man who gives it under his own hand, that his ſoul ſpurns the *malign controul* of the croud, that he has a fixed contempt for every thing wrong, that his chearfulneſs can ſubdue affliction, and that he can ſing like a nightingale to charm the lonely hour. This it muſt be acknowledged is indeed a *glorious ſong!!!*

written

written as he ſaid in his younger days, 'Upon the pleaſures of malignity.' But the attentive Arabella perceiving his drift, incontinently ſnuffed the candles, and the ſervant at the ſame moment informing them that ſupper was on the table, all parties were ſatisfied, and every body becoming jocoſe, the evening was concluded with the utmoſt feſtivity.

It happened that a maſtiff dog which Arabella had brought up from a puppy, had gone mad the preceding day. She therefore was afraid to indulge any further ſpeculations on Henry's fate for the preſent. After a long night paſſed in the utmoſt diſquiet, ſhe aroſe with the lark, and determined

determined to set out on a pilgrimage of love to find the dear object of her affections, if he still existed an inhabitant of this globe. Dreſſing herſelf therefore in a green Joſeph which had been made for her grandmother, and tying a little ſtraw hat upon her head, ſhe ſat off with a ſhepherd's crook in her hand, and her pockets full of turnips.

Chapter

Chapter 16.

A MEETING OF EXTASY.

HENRY LAMBERT had conſtantly purſued the grand object of his enquiries, and had never relinquiſhed a moment the fond hope of being united to the lovely Arabella. Ardent in all extremes, he found the dear idea vivify his heart. Early in the morning he was leading his high ſcented hounds to cover, and when evening caſt her faded gloom over the face of nature, his library was his unfailing reſource, while his cultivated mind trod the various paths of ſcience with indefatigable perſeverance. How long he might

might have continued in this tranquil ſtate, it would be difficult to aſcertain, and how frequently his ſighs aroſe in contemplation of his loſs, it might be equally impolitic to deſcribe. But the reſult was ever advantageous to his ſeelings, and his honour in every conflict remained not only unimpeached, but even more conſpicuous than before.

Henry's maternal uncle who was very feeble and infirm, was alſo a Peer of the Realm, with the rank of an Earl; and ſhould his Lordſhip die without iſſue, it was evident that an ancient barony would deſcend to him in right of his mother. This therefore cheered his drooping ſpirits, as

he

he truſted the time might not be far diſtant, when he ſhould be able to come forward with that rank and dignity, which would eſtabliſh his former pretentions to the divine Arabella.

While Henry remained in this ſituation of ſuſpence, he received intelligence of his mother's death, who departed this tranſitory life in the middle of a rubber of whiſt, with Lady Di Danvers, Lord Ginger, and Colonel Saſh.

No ſooner had he heard the fatal news, than he mounted his beſt hunter, and rode forward to the cottage of Arabella, that he might diſcover

cover how far his expectations were likely to be realized in the poſſeſſion of that excellent young Lady.

In the mean time Arabella had got a violent ſwelled face, by ſitting out all night to liſten to the mournful ſong of the nightingale, whoſe gentle warblings were echoed from grove to grove, and ſweetly floated on the balmy zephyr to ſooth her raviſhed ear.

All was ſtill as death, the watch dog was ſilent in the yard, and the owl was mute in the aged oak, when ſhe ſuddenly ſtarted from the bank of violets on which ſhe was repoſing, and exclaimed, 'O Heavens! was

'that

that a ſpirit paſſed me?' Henry now ruſhed forward, and ſeizing the enchanting Arabella by the hair, thus tenderly expreſſed himſelf; 'O matchleſs effervescence of human happineſs, divine empreſs of my ſoul, I have languiſhed for ages to behold thee, I have been burnt up and conſumed by the unquenchable fire of exhauſtleſs paſſion. Every moment that paſſed, ſeemed to me to have the duration of a century. The ſports of the field were vain in thy abſence. I ſeemed like a forſaken doe on the banks of the Tigris. The golden glory of the ſun when darting his meridian ſplendor on the ſycamore ſhade, had no ſolace for my diſtracted heart. In ſleep, the dainty viſions

of thy lovelineſs, played on my ſe-cluded ſenſes, and irritated my hopes to the madneſs of deſpair. There was no muſic in the murmuring of the ſilver rivulet that babbled through the flowery brake; the pale moon glared on me with the dimneſs of death. O Queen of all my wiſhes, O incomparable Arabella, O thou moſt beautiful of the human race, what will become of me, if your frowns ſhould fall upon me! one kiſs from thy ſweet lips would raiſe me to a height of joy, that the proudeſt earthly potentate never yet expe-rienced in his gilded palace, or his outrageous miniſters in the wide plunderings of official power. Wilt thou be mine, wilt thou bleſs thy

Henry

Henry by accepting his proffered hand? Wilt thou become myſelf, the chief portion of my being, the light of my eyes, the rapture of my ſoul? I will hug thee to my heart, 'till it burſt with extaſy, I will play with the tangles of thy hair till faintneſs overſhadows me.' To this eloquent rhapſody, the mild and invincible Arabella prepared a ſuitable reply. She had nearly eat up all her turnips, and therefore looked at him with commanding ſweetneſs, while ſhe ſaid, 'To be the object of the adoration of ſuch a mind as thine is, my Henry, of itſelf ſufficient to raiſe the moſt humble to the pinnacle of human greatneſs! The tone of thy melodious voice falls on my

nerves, like the calm operation of opium on the wretch in pain. Sweet Henry, pretty youth, fine gentleman! I will, I will be thy wife, immediately—let no time intervene till we are ONE. I have waited a long while, and began almoſt to be out of patience—therefore let us loſe no more time—had we been married on our firſt acquaintance, at this period we might have been the parents of two girls and a boy, I am ſure we might—here is my hand, take it and welcome. She then ſang gaily,

Away to the church, to the church lead away,
And to morrow at furtheſt, be our wedding day.

The enraptured lovers now returned hand

hand in hand to the elegant cottage of Arabella, where orders were imdiately given to prepare every thing neceſſary for the happy nuptials. Margaret Grimes was ready to jump out of her ſkin for joy—the old dog looked piteouſly upon them, and the villagers met in the neighbourhood to talk the matter over, and to get drunk with decent delight in honour of their good patron's felicity. Doctor Dedrick procured a licence, and the clerk bought a new wig upon the occaſion, while Sir Timothy Rattleſnake offered generouſly to give her away. This kind propoſal was inſtantly acceded to, and the next morning was fixed for the celebration of the holy rites of Wedlock. Henry

and Arabella paſſed the evening alone in mutual endearments—they had a roaſt fowl, eggs and ſpinnage for ſupper, he drank three pints of port, to prove the fervency of his paſſion, and ſhe toaſted his health in liberal potations of gin and water. Two happier beings never lived upon earth —they danced, they ſung, they romped, till midnight, when with engaging gravity they ſeparated to go to bed, and to dream of the delights of the coming day. The only unfortunate event was that Henry had forgot his night-cap.

Chapter

Chapter 17.

A WEDDING.

IN the morning Arabella appeared more blooming than the vernal roſe, when bathed in the glittering dew of May. She was dreſſed in a pale ſea green ſpencer, elegantly trimmed with blue flowers and gold ſpangles, her petticoat was of lilac ſilk covered with a yellow gauze, that produced the moſt beautiful effect. Her lovely locks were bound with a fillet of ſcarlet ſattin, mixed with ſtraw and artificial nettles, and her enchanting arms, bare above the elbow, faſcinated the eyes of every obſerver—

her ſhoes were pink ornamented with white roſes and ſilver ſpangles—ſhe appeared a perfect divinity, her ſmiles, her dimples, her ſoft looks of pathetic languor, were very much applauded, as Henry led her to the altar. We have in a former part of this work deſcribed his perſon, we therefore ſhall only now ſay that he was faſhionably attired in boots and leather breeches, and a rough great coat with nineteen capes. The clergyman went through the ceremony with great decency, though Arabella was ſo much agitated that ſhe hardly knew how to keep her countenance. The clerk having a couſin in the pay office rather gave himſelf more airs than the circumſtances could juſtify,

but

but every body admired Arabella's unaffected attire and virgin modesty. Henry looked grave at times, and a silent tear stole down his cheek not entirely unobserved, for a farmer's man stept up to him withgreat caution, and in a whisper informed him, that he had found a hare sitting, this a good deal disconcerted the Doctor, who shook his wig with disdain, and eagerly enquired, if there was any extraordinary news from the Continent. They therefore hastily returned home when a sumptuous entertainment was prepared which all the Militia regiments were invited to partake of.

After dinner Arabella, at the earnest request of Captain Malms-

bury, favoured the company with the following ſong, which penetrated the hearts of all the ſpectators.

Ah well-a-day!
It is not now the month of May,
Yet let us all be gay,
Ah well-a-day!

Yes, we will ſing
The praiſe of every living thing,
And for each other we will bring
The flow'rs of ſpring.

Ah well-a-day!
I muſt not ſport with virgin play,
I'm married as they ſay,
Ah well-a-day!

This charming ſong received the moſt animated applauſe from all the company,

company, particularly from Serjeant Tomlinſon, who declared he would rather be Henry than an Enſign. At eleven o'clock preciſely, Arabella was led weeping to her chamber, and a quarter before twelve, Henry flew to her longing arms and found all his fondeſt expectations realized in the poſſeſſion, of youth, beauty, innocence, and love. The remainder of the party kept it up till a late hour and then marched off at open files, ſinging in a grand chorus, 'Britons ſtrike home.'

Nothing ever equalled the bliſs of Henry and Arabella, they paſſed their time in the ſweeteſt reciprocity of affection, till at the end of ſix

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months, his fair wife preſented him with a lovely boy, that conſolidated their affections, and gave new intereſt to their exiſtence. The babe was conſtantly in the arms of Henry, who ſeemed to transfer a part of his adoration for Arabella to the dear little innocent, who early diſcovered ſymptoms of the moſt ſurprizing genius, and grew fatter and more thriving every day, notwithſtanding that in one year it had the jaundice, the meaſles, the whooping-cough, the ſmall pox, the chicken pox, the nervous fever, the rickets, the mumps, the pleuriſy, the ſtone, the gout, the bilious cholic, the dropſy, and St. Anthony's fire.

Chapter 18.

A MELANCHOLY INCIDENT.

HENRY had gone to London on particular buſineſs, and had not written to his dear Arabella, for more than three weeks, when one evening, full of the idea of her beloved huſband, ſhe wandered to an adjacent grove, and ſeating herſelf under a ſweet-briar, on a bank of camomile, at the very entrance of an old hermitage, ſhe thought ſhe heard the diſtant trampling of horſes' feet. She liſtened,—in an awful ſolitude, ſeemingly ſacred to ſilence every ſound excites attention; again

ſhe

ſhe liſtened, and took off her gloves. The grove with which ſhe was ſurrounded, obſtructed her view, but the horſeman whoever he was, ſhe was now convinced drew nearer.

'Could it be her Henry? ſhe ſoftly exclaimed: O no! that is impoſſible, he cannot yet have even left London.'

But gentle reader! think of her aſtoniſhment when ſhe ſaw not indeed her Henry, but Mr. Peter Perkins (for it was he) leap from his horſe, and with a lover's ſpeed, for he had deſcried her from the avenue, fly to the romantic little ſpot, on which ſhe was ſeated! He fell at her knees;—ſhe fainted in his arms.

'O my

'O my Arabella! 'tis thy Perkins, my angel look up. What has my raſhneſs done?—I was to blame to take thy ſoftneſs unprepared!'

She now began to revive, when withdrawing herſelf gently from his arms, ſhe ſoftly exclaimed, 'O Mr. Perkins how could you ſurprize me thus?'

A tender converſation now enſued, in which Mr. Peter Perkins ſaid all that the moſt honourable paſſion could dictate (for he was ignorant of her marriage with Henry) or the moſt refined generoſity could ſuggeſt; and Arabella, who was above the little affectations

of

of her ſex) readily acknowledged that her eſteem for him was permanent and ſincere. Mr. Perkins ſtaid two hours in this ſweet retreat, and in all that time the circumſtance of her being already married never once entered her head. So true it is, that *love* abſorbs all other conſiderations. He informed *his* Arabella he was going to the houſe of a friend, only a few miles diſtant, and that he ſhould, with her permiſſion, viſit her frequently.

The moon now beginning to riſe in all the beauty of 'clouded majeſty' warned Mr. Peter Perkins to depart, which he immediately did; whilſt the lovely Arabella ſlowly walked towards her

her cottage, and before ſhe had reached it, the idea of her preſent ſituation intruded on her thoughts, and baniſhed every pleaſant reflection.

'Why,' ſaid ſhe, 'did I not think of this before? why did I indulge a ſoftneſs that muſt be ſuppreſſed? Ah, tyrant love! thoſe who ſincerely feel thy power too often ſacrifice every other conſideration to thy all-ruling ſway.'

Arabella who, however, as to worldly prudence was in general a very diſcreet perſon, thought it proper to write a full account of this meeting, to her Henry, and at the ſame time

to

to expedite a billet to Mr. Peter Perkins, telling him that as ſhe was now married, ſhe never could deſire to ſee his face again.

It was now the anniverſary of little Tommy's birth-day, the darling of Henry and Arabella. He had attained his fourth year, and was the delight of the whole village. The prattling innocence of that age of beautiful ſimplicity, renders a child inexpreſſibly engaging. This lovely boy was particularly ſo. His delighted mother had written to her beloved Henry to conjure him to return home on that day. 'My dear it is our Tommy's birth-day'.

Arabella

Arabella dreſſed the ſweet boy in a new little green veſt, ſhe had made on purpoſe for this day. 'It is your birth-day, my lovely Tommy.' Having ſaid this ſhe kiſſed him, and ſent him out to play on a ſmall green plat before the door, and then began to buſy herſelf in preparing dinner.

Tommy for once had tranſgreſſed his bounds, and with another little boy about his own age had run after a beautiful goldfinch, which flew directly to a roſe-buſh, that hung over a running brook at the bottom of the garden. The lovely boy now attempted to climb the ſmall twigs of a willow tree, whoſe branches were united with thoſe of the roſe-buſh; but

but Ah gentle reader! how ſhall I relate the miſerable event? The branch of the tree, too feeble for his weight, gave way, and he fell at once into the brook, which was wide and rapid, and the poor babe was ſunk in a moment! By the rapidity of the ſtream the body was carried down to a ſmall bridge, a few yards diſtant from where the accident had happened. The particulars of this unhappy event were afterwards gathered from his little play-fellow afore-mentioned.

Here I muſt lay down my pen to give vent to the tears of ſacred pity, which fill my eye, when I reflect on the piteous fate of this ſweet innocent.

But

But alas! what language can I find to deſcribe the following afflicting circumſtance? the tender father was now returning home, with joyful haſte to partake of the chearful repaſt which Arabella had promiſed to prepare for their darling Tommy's birth-day; when in paſſing over the bridge, which led to his garden, he eſpied floating on the brook, the garment, the little green *veſt* of his dear child. Breathleſs with affright, he plunged into the ſtream, and drew the poor babe from the ruſhes and ſedge: But ah! cruel, miſerable event! he ſaw his lovely eyes were now cloſed in death! he ſaw he was deprived of life! a pallid hue had already taken poſſeſſion of thoſe coral lips!

His

His cheeks which wore the bloom of the opening roſe, were now changed to the livid tints of death! Where now were thoſe ſweet ſmiles, which never failed of conveying tranſport to the delighted parents? Alas! gone, gone, gone!

'Gracious Heaven!' ſaid the diſtracted father, 'what do I ſee! My Tommy! Is it, can it be poſſible? Ah, yes! O ye Powers ſupport me! He claſped the breathleſs infant to his boſom in all the agonies of frenzy and deſpair.

O reader! I cannot proceed.—A few moments juſt to wipe away the guſhing tear, and then I will go on.

Mr. Lambert

Mr. Lambert whoſe agonies for what his beloved wife would feel on this dreadful occaſion, was diſtracted how he ſhould break the fatal ſtory to her; and what ſtill made it the more dangerous, the doating mother of this ſweet babe, was now very far advanced in a ſecond pregnancy; every precaution was therefore neceſſary.

He wrapped the breathleſs little corpſe under his coat, and with almoſt frantic ſteps, conveyed it by a private ſtaircaſe up into a remote chamber, in the further part of the houſe. He laid him on the bed, and once more kiſſed his pallid lips. Then in an agony of deſpair, which no lan-

guage

guage can deſcribe, with haſty ſteps, on hearing his beloved Arabella call him to dinner, he ran down ſtairs. His agonies were ſtill increaſed, when he ſaw the chearful innocence, the ſweet ſmiles of that lovely woman, who had learnt his arrival from Margaret Grimes who had ſeen him enter.

'My Henry (ſhe ſaid with the moſt lively joy, and with an angel's ſweetneſs) welcome, thrice welcome home. But where is our dear boy, where is Tommy? He is playing I imagine, on the green plat before the houſe. Call him my love to dinner. See, I have ſpread the table with our ſmall repaſt, ſee his little new knife you ſent him from London. I have laid it ready for him.'

Poor

Poor Mr. Lambert ſuffered at this dreadful period the utmoſt agonies. How loth was the tender huſband, the affectionate parent, to diſcloſe the horrid tale! How unwilling to diſturb the tranquillity of his beloved wife, which was founded on an ignorance of the dreadful event.

Arabella with her uſual ſweetneſs, grew ſtill more importunate.

'Say, my love, where is my Tommy?—Why my Henry will you not fetch the little truant to his dinner?' Henry could not ſtand this: he flung himſelf into a chair with an air of frantic wildneſs, and now began to weep aloud.

But here I muſt cloſe the melancholy, heartfelt deſcription. It will eaſily be imagined, the fond mother's anxious enquiries ſoon made her acquainted with the ſhocking fact. For ſeveral hours ſhe remained in a ſtate of abſolute diſtraction. Her neighbours teſtified their kind affection by watching and attending her with the utmoſt care. The violence of her fits at length brought on the pangs of childbirth, and ſhe was delivered a little before the uſual time of another boy, even more beautiful than her Tommy.

Fortunately in a few hours little Tommy began to breathe again, and on the following morning was as mer-

ry

ry and playful as ever. Mrs. Lambert alſo ſpeedily recovered and before the expiration of three days was as well as could be expected. So that the happineſs of this fond couple was reſtored to them with the *additional joy* of having another ſon.

Chapter 19.

A CONVERSATION.

IT is a juſt obſervation of an author who well knew the human heart, that there is in *perfect beauty*, an attractive charm which is irriſiſtible. Old Mrs. Mandrake turned pale, and ſickened at the ſight of ſo much innocent ſweetneſs, and for once in her life, the well-bred aſſurance of a fine Lady forſook her for a moment only. She was heard to exclaim ſoftly —'O Heavens! what bloom! what features!'—Two of the gentlemen by an involuntary impulſe, roſe from their ſeats, and with a kind of homage

to ſo much beauty, were going to lead Arabella to a ſeat next the fire; but Mrs. Mandrake, who had by this time recovered again her former inſolence, cried 'Sit ſtill Gentlemen, I beſeech you,' then in a kind of ſcornful half whiſper, 'Poor thing, ſhe was a reputed orphan, but ſhe has thought proper to marry a Gentleman forſooth!'

Arabella juſt heard the laſt ſyllable, and bluſhed a deeper dye, which ſtill added to her beauty, ſhe had been in tears too, and the luſtre of her piercing eye, had now yielded to the ſofteſt languor. Well ſays the Poet,

'When

'When beauty ſorrow's livery wears,
We fondly take the fair one's part;
But when love's ſhafts are dipt in tears,
They pierce directly to the heart.'

'Sit down Madam!' ſaid Mrs. Mandrake. Arabella modeſtly obeyed her, and ſeated herſelf at the bottom of the room, and after a ſhort time finding her Henry did not appear, ſhe quitted the company.

The Gentlemen inſtantly exclaimed 'Good Heavens! what a charming woman!' 'Such eyes!' ſaid another. 'What an enchanting form!' another. not one but was in raptures.

'Why I cannot ſay,' ſaid Mrs.

Mandrake, affecting to yawn with indifference, 'I cannot ſay I am ſo violently charmed with her perſon. I grant ſhe has bloom, but it is the red and white of a milk-maid. She is, I think rather a *gawky* figure. Her arms are too long, and her eyes are horrid; ſhe is tall I allow, and the picture of health, but ſhe wants faſhion, ſhe wants elegance.

Arabella tripped up ſtairs like a young roe, and taking her children alternately in her arms, cried, 'O how much has a mother to anſwer, who vain and proud, is above performing the ſweeteſt of all duties, the improvement of her children's mind!

'Delightful

'Delightful taſk—
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To rear the tender thought,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning ſpirit; to implant
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt!'

The next morning as Arabella was reading Euclid to amuſe her infant progeny, and eating at the ſame time a buttered crumpit. Miſs Slipſhod ruſhed into the nurſery, 'O Mrs. Lambert, what a diſcovery!' 'For Heaven's ſake my dear,' ſaid Arabella, half fainting, 'what is the matter?' 'My lovely friend,' replied the other, 'what do you think? A Mr. Ireland has diſcovered a trunk full of original manuſcripts of the immortal Shakeſpere himſelf; it is as true as

any thing; and there are beſides two tragedies all written in blank verſe, with old faſhioned ſpelling, with double dds and double ees—and then there are I don't know how many love-letters in Willie's own hand writing, and a deed of gift to the finder of all that was in the trunk. Is not he a lucky man?' 'I think he is indeed,' returned Arabella; but my amiable friend, you cannot conceive how you alarmed me, I had nearly fallen into a fit, for by the haſty manner in which you expreſſed yourſelf, I really ſuppoſed, my valuable huſband had broke his collar bone.

Chapter

Chapter 20.

FINE DISCRIMINATION OF CHARACTER.

IT is one of the eaſieſt things in nature to begin a novel the author as you may ſay 'Has the world before him where to chuſe'—but as the work proceeds, then comes the difficulty—

'Aye, there's the rub
Muſt give us pauſe.'

Characters grow out of characters, freſh perſons muſt neceſſarily be brought forward to heighten the intereſt, and as it approaches towards a concluſion, the plague is how to get

rid of the good folks with decency—Some muſt be *married*, ſome muſt be KILLED OFF, and all muſt be properly diſpoſed of. Never did any human being wiſh to get to the end of a journey with more impatience, than I (*my* Lady Harriet Marlow) do to finiſh this elaborate performance—I 'have taken arms againſt a ſea of troubles' and hardly know how to fight the waves any longer, for as my *prime* boaſt is preciſion, and my *ſecond* conſiſtency, ſo the ignorant reader can have no idea of the painful predicament in which I ſtand. 'ALLONS DONC,' as they ſay in France, there is now no retreat to be made—I muſt fight it out to the laſt, and ſo I will.

I truſt,

I truſt, however, the ſpeculative reader will pardon this digreſſion, for in good truth *my Ladyſhip* does hate digreſſing, as it is flying from the ſubject, and of no uſe whatever, but to lengthen out the performance, for why ſhould any body digreſs, unleſs he finds it of the greateſt utility? *Intellect* like *bread* is every day getting more and more ſcarce, therefore we ſhould make all poſſible ſhifts not to deſtroy the ſtock in hand. But to proceed.

Henry Lambert was a gentleman—that is, he had wit, manners and money, —by the bye, he had a fine houſe and park with all dignified appurtenances in Glouceſterſhire—but he preferred to

to live in Arabella's cottage, becauſe it was ſo ſnug, and becauſe Arabella was particularly fond of honeyſuckles. I mention this to juſtify the meanneſs of his mode of living, for had he choſe an eſtabliſhment equal to GEORGE ROSE's he could have afforded it, but never having held any office under government, he did not think it decent.

Mr. Mandrake was a worthy man, many years older than his wife, had the misfortune to have a hump-back, and was uſually laid up half the year with the gout. Mrs. Mandrake had been a very celebrated beauty in her youthful days, and was even ſtill what might be called a fine woman; but

one of her characters was (for moſt people have *two*) that of being proud and imperious to the utmoſt degree, beſides which ſhe was inordinately fond of oyſters. Her worthy huſband who ſtill doated on her, and who feared her frowns ſo much, that he could hardly call his ſoul his own, indulged her in every faſhionable exceſs. I mean ſo far as was conſiſtent with the character of a woman of honour; for Mrs. Mandrake was, with all her faults, a woman of unblemiſhed reputation; but ſhe was tyrannical, proud and capricious to the laſt degree; what ſhe liked to-day, ſhe diſliked to-morrow:—in ſhort, ſhe was quite a fine lady. She aimed at being thought a *wit* as well as a beauty;

beauty; for which purpoſe her houſe, which was one of the moſt elegant in London, was the reſort only of ſuch as were celebrated for that character; and ſhe was equally fond of ſpeeches made to her *perſon*, as to her *underſtanding*. She had two daughters, whom, though nearly of the age of Arabella, ſhe ſtill kept upon the footing of children, as the very idea of having a daughter attending her to public places, and rivalling her in beauty, made her ſicken with the dreadful apprehenſion of approaching old age. That celebrated obſervation of Monſieur St. Evremond might juſtly be applied to her, that 'the ſighs of a fine woman at the hour of her departure, are more for

the

the loſs of her beauty than the loſs of her life.'

It was a lucky circumſtance for this unnatural mother (and too many there are in the great metropolis of the ſame caſt) that her two poor daughters (who were extremely to be pitied) were remarkably ſmall of their age: they had the appearance of girls about thirteen. Mrs. Mandrake taking the advantage of their ſize, uſed to call them at all times the *children*, and her *little ones*; ſo that a byeſtander would have imagined they had not reached even the above-mentioned age. They were cloſely confined to their nurſery, in white frocks, and were never ſo much as permitted to

ſit

ſit with her, or dine at the ſame table; ſhe would have fainted had girls of their age called her *mother*, before any of her fine gentlemen viſitants.

Poor Mr. Mandrake loved his daughters, but was abſolutely afraid to ſhew his affection, and had long ſince loſt his authority in the family. Mrs. Mandrake's invitation to Emily Smithſon, and notice of poor Mr. Grogram, proceeded from no benevolent principle. That worthy man, who was himſelf all truth and ſincerity, had not the leaſt idea of the falſe politeneſs of a faſhionable fine lady. When ſhe invited Emily to come to her, ſhe had no notion the old man, as ſhe called Mr. Grogram, would

part

part with her; therefore thought ſhe ran no riſque in aſking her: beſides the truth is, *pride* was at the bottom; as ſhe, like many other fine ladies, took no ſmall pleaſure (though the miſtaken would imagine it a *benevolent* principle) in having a poor dependent at her beck: to have one to *ſcold*, juſt when ſhe pleaſed; and as a witty author remarks,

'To keep a girl to fret upon.'

Monſieur Rochefoucault's admirable maxim, that 'we do not always do charitable *actions*, from charitable *motives*' was never more verified than in this inſtance of Mrs. Mandrake. She had no real deſign of advancing

poor

poor Mr. Grogram's fortune, and while that worthy but miſtaken man, was rejoicing, that his dear niece was now on the road to London to a rich and benevolent friend, this ſtrange woman would have ſickened to death, if ſhe had imagined that the little Welch girl, as ſhe called her, was perhaps, that day, the moſt beautiful young woman in England, adorned with every virtue, and poſſeſſed of the choiceſt accompliſhments. The friendſhip ſhe had in former days profeſſed for the amiable Mrs. Smithſon had been long ſince obliterated; ſo much does the diſſipation of this age of pleaſures entirely eradicate from the heart every ſentiment of honour and ſincerity.

But

But it is now time to return to Henry Lambert, who having fully diſcuſſed the above-drawn characters, to Arabella—ordered his curricle, and arrived at the bull-baiting, without one ſingle adventure, or 'hair-breadth ſcape' on the road.

Chapter

Chapter 21.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

FARMER GREEN'S cow had broke into Arabella's garden during the night, and had played the very devil—the peaſe were all trodden down, the onions rooted up, the ſpinnage annihilated, the turnips, carrots, and potatoes deſtroyed; in ſhort, there was a 'careleſs deſolation' in every part. 'What muſt we do?' ſaid Margaret Grimes, the big round tear trembling in her eye. 'I am ſure,' replied Arabella with violent emotion, 'I know not how to act in this emergency; how unlucky, that ſuch

ſuch a *cataſtrophe* ſhould have happened in my beloved Henry's abſence. He is gone to the *bull baiting*, and the *cow* has *baited* us in revenge. I know but one meaſure to adopt and that is to bear the misfortune with becoming fortitude. Complaint is uſeleſs, we muſt therefore ſupport what we cannot rectify.' To the truth of this obſervation Margaret Grimes aſſented, with engaging modeſty, and the children were called down, to whom the whole affair was properly explained. Mr Peter Perkins, who had never loſt ſight of his object, but whoſe love for Arabella encreaſed even to madneſs by the difficulties which had attended its progreſs, now approached the cottage

of

of Arabella and ſent a ſervant to offer any aſſiſtance in his power. A tranſient bluſh pervaded her cheek at this tender proof of his affection, but her duty to Henry triumphed over the tenderneſs of her heart, and ſhe requeſted him to take ſome refreſhment after his fatigue, making at the ſame time every proper acknowledgment for the intended favour.

Arabella now requeſted Margaret Grimes to examine minutely the depredations of the cow, and the good woman taking the hint, immediately retired.

No ſooner did Mr. Perkins find himſelf alone with the dear idol of

his ſoul, than he burſt forth into a torrent of the moſt enthuſiaſtic adoration. He kiſſed her hand with fervor, a thouſand and a thouſand times, which ſhe endeavoured to withdraw in vain, he entreated her to promiſe him, that, in caſe any accident ſhould happen to Henry, ſhe would take him for her ſecond huſband. To this, his earneſt requeſt, ſhe faintly replied, while her bright eyes were bathed in tears. 'O Mr. Perkins urge me no further, I ſcarce dare think upon the ſubject, but ſhould the melancholy event you allude to ever take place, which may Heaven avert, I know not any perſon who poſſeſſes ſo large a portion of my eſteem as Mr. Peter Perkins.'

He

He now imprinted numberleſs kiſſes on her vermillion lips, and fondly entwining his arms round her lovely waiſt, called her his *future bride*, his good genius, his protecting angel. In ſhort, he appeared half frantic with extacy of joy, when Henry's voice was heard in the hall, which in ſome degree moderated his tranſports, 'I wiſh,' ſaid Mr. Lambert as he entered the room, 'that Farmer Green would take better care of his cow.' There was a comicality in the alluſion that occaſioned a general laugh, when Henry ſhaking Mr. Peter Perkins by the hand, ſaid he was heartily glad to ſee him, and kindly aſked him if there was any news? 'None in the world,' replied Mr.

Peter Perkins with ſomewhat of an embarreſſed air, 'None upon earth, none at all that I hear of, the papers are quite barren of late.—The cow I find has done a deal of miſchief—Had you much ſport at the bull baiting—Was parſon Cheſnut there—I meant to have been there myſelf, but was prevented going—but I fancy it grows late—I am after my time, I muſt be off, good day to you Mr. Lambert, good day to you Madam, I hope you will favour me with a viſit the firſt opportunity—do—I ſhall take it kind, I ſhall indeed.' Having made his oration, he diſappeared.

The fond and faithful Arabella now threw her ſnowy arms round Henry's neck,

neck, and welcomed him home with that winning tenderneſs which artifice can never feign. When dinner was over, and the children were brought in, Henry and Arabella gave way to thoſe fine feelings which connubial tenderneſs alone can experience. At length Mrs. Lambert took her harp and gazing on her huſband with fond delight in a moſt enchanting manner ſung the following

Air.

When you are abſent all looks *drearly*,
When you are abſent I am ſad,
Becauſe I love my Henry dearly,
When he is with me I am glad.

O then; unleſs you wiſh to grieve me,
No more deſert my circling arms;
It breaks my heart that you ſhould leave me,
The lord, the maſter of my charms.

Henry was ſo enraptured by this extemporary proof of Arabella's attachment and regard, that he jumped from his chair, played a thouſand antics, rolled the children on the floor, drank a bottle of burgundy, and ſung 'God ſave the king.'

Chapter 22.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER ſeveral months paſſed in the retired pleaſures of Arabella's cottage. Henry propoſed going to London, that they might live in a ſtyle ſuitable to their fortune. Mrs. Lambert gave her conſent, and in conſequence his houſe in Groſvenor Square was ordered to be prepared for their reception. A ſervice of plate was bought upon the occaſion, a great number of ſervants were hired, and every thing was eſtabliſhed on the moſt expenſive footing. At half paſt eleven one Monday the Lambert

family quitted their rural abode and proceeded in a coach and ſix to the metropolis, where they arrived in perfect health and ſafety on the Thurſday following.

Their houſe ſoon became the reſort of all the rich wits and faſhionable company of high life. They gave dinners, ſuppers, balls, aſſemblies and concerts to the amuſement, gratification, and edification of all their acqaintance; Henry and Arabella became amazingly fond of deep play, and being remarkably lucky, won immenſe ſums of money which raiſed them very much in the good opinion of the great. The children were educated in the ut-

moſt

moſt refinement, and with the moſt ſalutary delicacy, and diſcovered uncommon penetration and acuteneſs in all their ſtudies. Dr. Grampus, their tutor, pronounced them to be the two moſt aſtoniſhingly clever boys, he had ever met with, and as he made it a rule never to reſtrain them in any of their little deſires, ſo he became a wonderful favourite with them both, as well as with Papa and Mamma.

Arabella whoſe exquiſite beauty was the admiration of all the young men of rank acted on every occaſion with ſuch guarded circumſpection, that though ſome envious ladies of her acquaintance thought, or pretended

to think, that she was rather *too particular* with Lord Kissville, yet they could not throw the slightest imputation on her character.

Mr. Peter Perkins followed the enchanting Arabella to town, and for some time frequented her assemblies 'sighing like furnace' but as he was little acquainted with the forms and appearances of high life, he soon became contemptible in her eyes, in a short time, therefore, she so completely cut him, that he quitted the pursuit in anguish and dismay, execrating in the bitterness of his heart, the follies and vices of Aristocracy.

Amongst

Amongſt the number of elegant acquaintance which Mrs. Lambert had formed, was Lady Maria Jones, who though more advanced in life, treated Arabella with the utmoſt intimacy. One day Lady Maria was particularly melancholy; the frequent ſighs ſhe heaved, and the tears which bedewed her languid cheeks, affected the tender ſenſibility of Arabella in the greateſt degree. She wept from the 'mere virtue of compaſſion,' and gently aſked, 'I hope my dear Madam no freſh affliction is the cauſe of theſe precious tears?' 'No, my Arabella, none, I have long been inured to miſery;—my ſorrows cannot be relieved but by death alone,' 'Would not,' ſaid the ami-

able Mrs. Lambert, a participation of your griefs tend to leſſen their weight? for when the heart is abſorbed in affliction, and has long been accuſtomed to devour in ſecret its own griefs, it ſeeks not for relief, but gains ſtrength by feeding on its own melancholy.'

'Alas my ſweet friend,' replied Lady Maria, 'my ſorrows are of a nature never to be redreſſed. You know, I imagine that I am married, that I am a mother, (though my dear little angel my Dicky is taken from me) that my huſband, the huſband of my tender youth (for I was early married) is now wandering in a foreign land with an infamous courtezan. All this

perhaps

perhaps you have heard, but methinks I read in my Arabella's eyes a kind curioſity to be further informed; a tender concern for the particulars of my unhappy ſtory. I will gratify your deſire, my Arabella, I will relate them to you, in hopes the recital may prove a warning to you in future life.—To begin then,

'I was left at the age of nineteen with a large fortune, when I became acquainted with Mr. Jones. His fine figure enchanted my ſight, whilſt the excellent qualities (as I imagined) of his heart merited my utmoſt regard: in fine I loved him to diſtraction. His paſſion for *me* appeared no leſs. No objection could poſſibly be made

to

to the alliance, as his family was reſpectable though mine was noble, and his character was then good. But alas! it ſoon appeared his ſole motive for marriage was my fortune only. The firſt three months of our union were ſpent happily; at leaſt we were ſurrounded with ſo much company, and ſo many new ſcenes of diſſipation preſented themſelves, that I ſaw not, what very ſoon was *too viſible*, that the moſt perfect indifference had taken place where I had 'treaſured up my ſoul.' This firſt began to appear, by his affecting to treat my underſtanding with much contempt, becauſe I was a *woman*. If I ever in company gave my opinion on any reigning topic of diſcourſe,

courſe, he would cut me ſhort with 'Good Heaven, my dear! how ſhould a *woman* know any thing of theſe matters?' He very early began to launch into many extravagancies, particularly that of keeping race-horſes. This I was acquainted with one day by ſeeing a beautiful horſe exerciſing before the windows. On my aſking him the occaſion, he with a careleſs yawn replied, 'he intended him to run for the King's plate at Newmarket: but why,' added he peeviſhly, 'do I tell a *woman* of this?'

But I was particularly hurt by his cruel behaviour to my aunt, a moſt worthy old Lady, who had bred me up from my infancy. From a hundred

dred repeated ſlights, he at length abſolutely forbid her the houſe, telling her the ſociety of old women was intolerable. Soon after this, my dear boy was born. I wept in ſecret, I preſt my innocent babe to my unhappy boſom, and was indulging a fond mother's hopes, that this little pledge of affection might touch his heart, when alas! that heart (but this I then knew not) was mine no longer.

I tenderly loved my huſband, notwithſtanding theſe proofs of his indifference. We had then an elegant villa at Richmond, where I had lately become acquainted with a moſt agreeable young Lady, a widow. She had lodgings very near me, and her com-

pany

pany was ſo peculiarly pleaſing to me, that I in ſome meaſure forgot my griefs; nay I even fancied my huſband ſtill loved me in his heart. I was perfectly charmed with Mrs. Ormſby, and found her cheerful converſation a great relief to my ſpirits. She had now been at Richmond near a month; Mr. Jones had been in London all that time. On his accidentally once or twice ſeeing her with me, and my expreſſing how much I eſteemed her, he ſaid he wondered greatly at my taſte, for that he never ſaw a more diſagreeable woman in his life; adding, whenever ſhe is with you, I beg to know it, for her company I abominate. That afternoon he went with me to drink tea

tea with a family in the neighbourhood. I was in uncommon good ſpirits, as I fancied my dear Mr. Jones looked on me with more kindneſs than uſual. Alas! how are we deceived! Miſtaken mortals! About ſix o'clock we ſat down to whiſt, all but Mr. Jones, who complained of a violent head-ach, and of a ſudden recollected he had two letters to write, which he muſt ſend he ſaid by the poſt that very evening.—'But my dear Maria', he added (O how delighted was I with the kind epithet!) 'you will ſtay I hope the evening, I will order the coach for you at eleven; as to myſelf, when I have finiſhed my letters, I ſhall retire to bed, for I feel myſelf ſomewhat out of order.'

'After

'After he was gone I was extremely uneasy; I fancied (such was my tenderness for him) that he was more ill than perhaps he confessed, and as soon as the rubber was over, I told the Lady where I was, my fears, and that I would then go home, which was only in the next street. It was then about eight o'clock, and the season of the year delightful for walking at that hour. Accordingly I left the company, and was tripping home with great haste, when as I passed by Mrs. Ormsby's lodgings, I recollected a few words I had to say to her on a particular affair. I ran up stairs with my usual freedom, and seeing nobody in her dining-room, I at once opened her bed-chamber door; when,

when, gracious Heaven! what was my amazement! I was almoſt petrified with aſtoniſhment. The firſt object I ſaw was my huſband in bed with Mrs. Ormſby. I ſcreamed with terror, and ſaw enough to be convinced ſhe muſt be the moſt abandoned of women. She inſtantly, as indeed they both did, jumped out of bed, and eſcaped into an adjoining cloſet. My cries brought up the maid who gave me water and drops; and from her I gathered (for now all ſecrecy was at an end) that Mr. Jones had privately kept this baſe woman above a twelve month in London; that he had taken this lodging for her at Richmond, and that ſhe paſſed for the widow of a late officer in the navy.'

As

As this *proſing* Lady was proceeding with her long ſtory, Henry Lambert ruſhed into the room in a delirium of joy—'O my Arabella, my angel, my life! what do you think has happened, the greateſt good fortune has come to us, we ſhall no longer wither in plebeian vulgarity—no my deareſt wife—we are now *noble*—my uncle the Earl of Frolicsfun is dead, he is upon my ſoul, and I inherit the ancient barony of the family—I am now, *my Lord*, and you are, *your Ladyſhip*—we ſhall have a coronet on our coach, and we ſhall have precedence, O what a glorious advantage it is to be a Lord, to ſit in the Houſe of Peers in one's robes, and to make fine ſpeeches, and to be called the *Nubble Lud*—I think I ſhall run mad with pleaſure.'

Arabella

Arabella ſmiled with ineffable ſweetneſs, and turning to her dear female friend, ſaid 'well Madam is not this good news?' to which the Lady anſwered by a low courteſy and by politely congratulating their *ſhips* on their newly acquired honors, after which ſhe took her leave with the moſt high-bred ceremony.

For the next fortnight their houſe was full from morning till night of perſons of diſtinction, who came to pay their compliments to Henry and Arabella—both he and ſhe were allowed to be remarkably *affable*, at the ſame time, that they knew how to ſupport their *dignity* with propriety.

It was now announced in all the public prints that the Right Hon. the Earl of FROLICSFUN having died without iſſue, the earldom was extinct, but that the ancient barony of LAUGHABLE had deſcended to HENRY LAMBERT, ESQ. in right of his mother.

When the due period of external mourning was at an end, Lord and Lady Laughable were preſented to their Majeſties at St. James's, and were moſt graciouſly received.

To conclude, Lord and Lady Laughable continued to live together many years, taſting even greater happineſs in each other, from the contraſt which they

they had formerly experienced, eſteemed and beloved by all who knew them and dealing out bleſſings all around them; and when death at laſt called them to regions of eternal bliſs, they left behind them in their children, faithful repreſentatives of their virtue and felicity.

AN

HUMBLE ADDRESS

TO THE DOERS OF THAT EXCELLENT AND

Impartial Review,

CALLED

THE BRITISH CRITIC.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

AS I am well aſſured that your invaluable criticiſms on the various literary productions of the preſent day, proceed from the joint labours of many ingenious men, and reſpectable old women, ſo I feel myſelf deeply intereſted in your diciſion on the merits of the foregoing work. It is therefore my moſt ardent wiſh to deprecate your vengeance, it is my

moſt anxious hope to obtain your praiſe.

"O do not break a fly upon a wheel!"

But ſurely I ſhall not be deemed too vain, or unpardonably preſumptuous, when I expreſs a lively confidence in your approbation of this my firſt eſſay as a noveliſt—I am certain I have ſpared no pains in the compoſition, and I have carefully avoided all thoſe alluſions and remarks which might tend to produce an overflow of your bile, or excite your laudable indignation. As I well know your noble natures never can forgive thoſe ſcandalous ſentiments of obſolete liberty, which our ridiculous anceſtors were ſo eager to diſſeminate,

but

but which all moderate, honorable, and enlightened perſons now hold in juſt execration and contempt; ſo my principal care has been to keep clear of all ſuch ſubjects, as could give the ſlighteſt umbrage to your ingenuous minds, and extenſive underſtandings. You alſo may conclude, that as far as ſilence gives conſent, I perfectly approve of the two reſtraining bills which have lately paſſed into laws, that I am a decided enemy to all improvement in political ſcience, and wiſh to hear in the courſe of the enſuing campaign, that the Britiſh grenadiers ſhall have marched triumphantly into Paris.

But to return to my novel, I will be bold to ſay, that there is great preciſion and a pure moral tendency throughout the whole, with ſo inviolate a conſiſtency of character, that I think I may challenge a fair compariſon with any of my moſt celebrated competitors in the ſame line. The ſtory you will allow to be plain, ſimple, intereſting, well-connected, and full of pathos; and I doubt not but you will think it worthy of your generous protection; nay, I even truſt, that the wiſeſt and moſt patriotic aſſociators of the immaculate Mr. Reeves, will be inclined to applaud its loyalty, and promote its circulation. Beſides, as I have had the honor to inform you that it is the

offspring of a female pen, I can rely with perfect ſatisfaction on the acknowledged gallantry of your gentlemen, and the tender ſympathy of your ladies—indeed the more ſo, as I have the good fortune to be perſonally known to ſeveral very valuable members of your illuſtrious body, from whom I have already received many ſtriking proofs of juſtice, liberality and good will towards me.

Being convinced that you poſſeſs the moſt exquiſitely refined taſte in poetry, I have been particularly attentive to this article, which I truſt will be deemed of prime quality, calculated for general benefit and im-

mediate uſe, ſuch as will neither clog your ſtomachs, nor produce that nauſea, to which you are ſubject, upon taking any quantity of pungent, ſtrong or ſtimulative rhimes.

If it ſhould appear that I have occaſionally borrowed a ſentence or a thought from ſome of our moſt admired modern writers, I truſt you will graciouſly forgive ſo venial an offence, as I am ready to affirm that any paſſages I may thus have ſelected, and tranſplanted, which ſhew to diſadvantage in their new ſituations, were not inſerted with a deſign of depreciating their excellence, but merely to diſplay that happy intricacy of ſtyle and ſentiment, without which

no novel can have a juſt claim to your notice and approbation. With all humility therefore I am free to aſſert, that ſome of thoſe extracts which unfortunately in my little work may ſeem ludicrous and abſurd, poſſeſs great beauty and propriety as connected with their original combinations. If you ſhould ſuppoſe that I have wiſhed to excite a laugh at the expence of their reſpective authors, your high mightineſſes are miſtaken, my ſole intention having been, by a happy mixture of diſcordant parts, to produce a pleaſing regularity, with a lively and captivating variety.

"Thus from diſſentions concords riſe,
And beauties from deformities,
And happineſs from woe."

I dare ſay your imperial majeſties will pronounce this quotation to be inapplicable; but if you ſhould, I can only ſay, that you do not comprehend me, and are not ſo clear-ſighted as you ought to be, and as hitherto I have always been inclined to think you.

Do me the favor to erect your magnificent ears with attention while I recite to you a fable that ſhall faſcinate you.

A ſcreech Owl, an Aſs, a Peacock, and a Boar, formed themſelves into a critical Junto to decide upon the harmony of the groves, and the modulations of the foreſt. The roaring of

the Lion was voted *nem. con.* to be bombaſt, the neighing of the Horſe vapid and jejune, the ſong of the Nightingale miſerable affectation, and the notes of the Linnet, the Goldfinch, and the Lark, namby-pamby nonſenſe. In ſhort, they unanimouſly agreed that, (not including themſelves) no living creature poſſeſſed any genius, muſical powers, or natural melody, but THE MULE; his voice and abilities, therefore, they candidly acknowledged to be capital. Theſe four animals now endeavoured to convince all the beaſts and birds that their deciſion was a juſt one, and that in conſequence, the mule ought to be the hero of the day.

With

With your permiſſion "moſt potent, grave, and reverend Signors!" I will defer the moral, and the application, to ſome more favorable opportunity.

But to lay aſide all levity, it is impoſſible to deny that you waſte your midnight oil, to ſave the preſent race from the horrors of licentiouſneſs and the encroachments of philoſophy, and when it is conſidered that

"The evil which men do, lives after them;
The good oft lies interred with their bones."

Your diſintereſtedneſs muſt be moſt ſtriking, for poſterity, perhaps, may not pay to the pious memories of you or your employers, thoſe honors which

which you have so assiduously struggled to deserve. You will, however, during your lives, find sufficient consolation from the idea, that you have supported to the best of your abilities, the good cause of GENERAL RESTRAINT and that you have laboured in your vocation with unabated ardor. If indeed the reflections of the fallen Adam should occasionally cross your minds, who on contemplating the miseries he had prepared for his descendants exclaimed,

"Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, shall curse
My head, ill fare our ancestor impure
For this we may thank Adam."

Yet

Yet a proper ſenſe of the immediate good enjoyed, muſt ſtiffle every ſenſation of remorſe, while you rank in public opinion with the PITTS, the WINDHAMS, the DUNDASSES, the GRENVILLES, and the REEVESES of the day.

Go on then great and generous arbitrators of national taſte! in your glorious and ſplendid career, direct the thunderbolts of your rage at the heads of thoſe infamous and audacious libellers, who degrade literature by their free diſcuſſions, and philoſophical remonſtrances; and who even inſult religion by their pernicious doctrines of toleration. Be it yours "to ſtand in the gap" between

error

error and truth, between vice and virtue, be it yours to ſhake a flaming ſcourge, and to chaſtize thoſe literary monſters who dare to puſh their reſearches beyond the ſacred line of demarcation you have drawn.

To your virtues, liberality, and candour, the whole nation can bear teſtimony, for I defy the moſt impudent of your detractors to ſhew a ſingle inſtance amongſt all your writings, where you have ſpoken favorably of any work that was baſe enough to vindicate the hoggiſh herd of the people, that was mean enough to object to any meaſures of the preſent wiſe and incorruptible adminiſtration, or that was cowardly enough to cenſure

ſure the juſt and neceſſary war in which the nation is now ſo fortunately engaged. No, ye worthy magiſtrates of the mind! you have exerted your civil juriſdiction with meritorious perſeverance, and if at any time you have ſtepped forth as warriors to defend the excluſive privileges of the FEW, againſt the vulgar attacks of the MANY, your demeanour has been truly gallant, you have thrown your lances with a grace, becoming the moſt renowned knights of chivalry, and have hurled your anathemas at the murmuring multitude with a dignified fury that would have done honour to Peter the Hermit, or to the chief of the Holy Inquiſition.

Owing

Owing to your animated exertions, and the vigorous meaſures of your *patrons*, you may ſoon hope to ſee the happy inhabitants of this proſperous iſland expreſs but one opinion, and act with one accord, the rich and the powerful ſhall be tranquilly triumphant, the low and the wretched patiently ſubmiſſive, great men ſhall eat white bread in peace, and the poor feed on barley cakes in ſilence. Every perſon in the kingdom ſhall acknowledge the bleſſings of a ſtrong regular government; while the abſurd doctrine of the Rights of Man, ſhall be no more thought of, or reſpected, than the rights of horſes, aſſes, dogs, and dromedaries.

That

That your enemies may ſpeedily be caſt into dungeons, or ſent to Botany Bay, and that yourſelves may become placemen, penſioners, peeresſes, loan-mongers, biſhops and contractors, is the conſtant wiſh and earneſt prayer of,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your devoted humble ſervant,

HARRIET MARLOW.

THE END.

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